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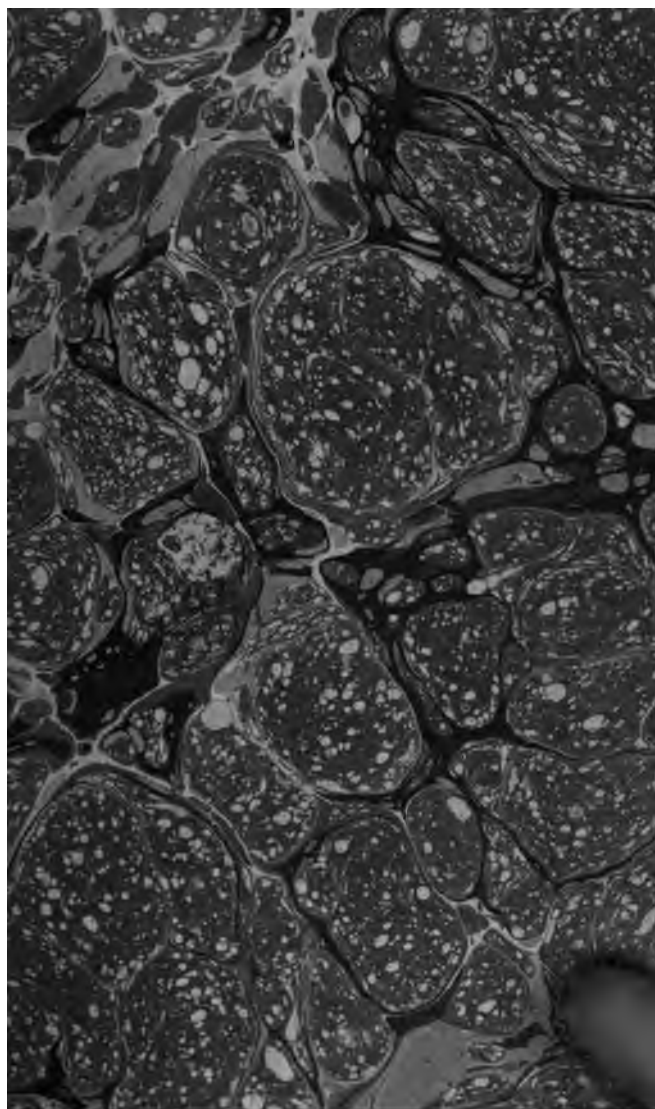
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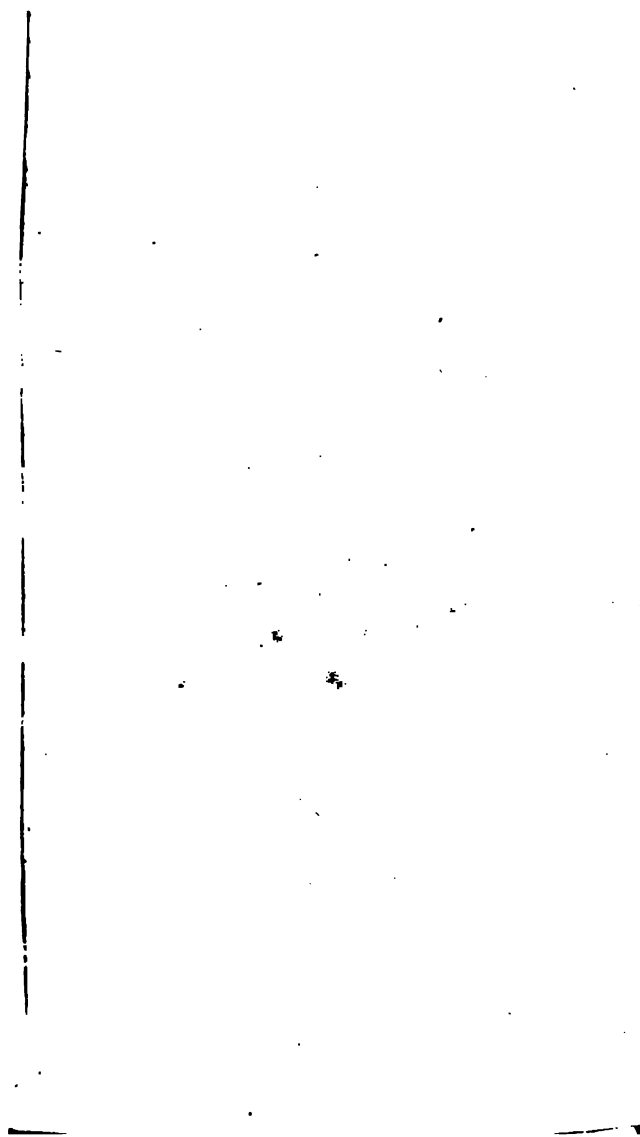
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P O E M S

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS:

BY THE

REV. *SAMUEL BISHOP*, A.M.

LATE HEAD-MASTER OF MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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and CREECH, Edinburgh.

1800.



TO THE
K I N G.

S I R,

I PRESUME to offer to your Majesty's notice the works of a poet, whom history may perhaps hereafter record as an ornament to Your Majesty's Reign; an æra distinguished in the annals of Great Britain for the progress of polite literature and the general diffusion of refined taste.

The author, Sir, though a lively and playful writer, was impartial in his judgment, and just in his principles: that he

was also affectionately attached to Your Majesty and Your Royal Comfort, will appear from several of his compositions. They contain the sentiments of a great and upright mind ; sentiments, in which the hearts of all the virtuous and the wise delight to participate, but which genius alone, like his, can express in a manner adequate to their sincerity and their force. I am,

SIR,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

Most faithful Subject,

and most dutiful Servant,

GOLDER'S HILL,
June 11, 1796.

THOMAS CLARE.

P R E F A C E.




THE original publication of the late Mr. Bishop's poetical compositions, was a tribute of respect justly due to the memory of a man of uncommon endowments; whose singular modesty, and zealous attention to the duties of his station, had always prevented him from giving his writings to the world himself, although he had corrected many of them with considerable care. The first edition, in two volumes quarto, was printed in a splendid manner to gratify his particular friends, and do justice to the subscribers; and it was consequently sold for two guineas, a larger sum than many persons might willingly or conveniently spare. The reputation which the work has established with the public, and the inquiries repeatedly made for a cheaper edition, have occasioned the

appearance of these little volumes ; which, it is presumed, are published at a lower price, than any books of equal elegance, in order that they may obtain a more general circulation, and may be also an easy purchase to all those of Mr. Bishop's former pupils, who are desirous of possessing such a memorial of their esteemed preceptor. To reduce the volumes to the present size, it has been necessary to make a selection ; which I have done according to my best judgement,—omitting only, the Latin poems—two or three odes—a few trifles relating to the author's friends—and such of the epigrams, and verses spoken at the school, as seemed of least general interest ;—and retaining all those, which have been universally admired. The memoirs, prefixed to the former edition, are not inserted in this : they would have considerably increased the bulk and cost of the book ; and all, that appears material for the reader to know, may be comprised in a few lines.

Mr. Bishop was born in London in 1731; was entered at Merchant-Taylors' School in 1743, and elected scholar of St. John's College, Oxford, in 1750, and fellow of that society in 1753. After taking priest's orders, and the degree of A. M. he returned to Merchant-Taylors', to become junior master, in 1758: and—gradually rising to be head-master, in 1783,—he continued at the school till the time of his decease. It would be difficult to conceive any person's life less diversified than his; —passed in the regular routine of his duty; and neither marked by any signal misfortune, nor distinguished by any eminent success. His constitution was not naturally strong, and he was afflicted with an hereditary gout;—his employment too was laborious and painful;—and he could not avoid sometimes feeling that he had not obtained that encouragement and reward, which the dedication of his best powers to the service of the public appeared to deserve. But these mortifications were

more than compensated by various comforts, such as few persons have enjoyed. He possessed many sincere friends ; in the number of whom was the Bishop of Bangor, through whose interest he was presented to the living of Ditton in Kent by the Earl of Aylesford :—he was beloved by his pupils ; and highly esteemed by the Merchant-Tailors' Company ; who, as a proof of their particular regard, gave him the living of St. Martin Outwich in London, never before held together with the school :—and he was peculiarly happy in an union with a most amiable woman ; whose excellencies he never ceased to value, nor omitted to praise.—By this lady he had one daughter, “ a living likeness of her father.”—He died in Suffolk Lane in November 1795 ; and lies buried in the rector's vault at St. Martin Outwich. If the reader should desire farther information, I must refer him to the before-mentioned memoirs, in which I have attempted a faint outline of the character of the



author ; an office which I conceived devolved upon me, as the friend to whom his genius and his virtues were most intimately known.

To the merits of Mr. Bishop, as a moral, religious, and exemplary man, the unanimous voice of all those, who were ever acquainted with him, has borne abundant testimony : and the opinion which I presumed to offer of his poetical talents, I have had the satisfaction to hear confirmed, not only by the suffrage of the public, but by the decided approbation of the best judges.

Several of the Reviewers have also spoken in the most favorable terms of his works ; and the strictures made by others, are so futile and inconsistent, as to be undeserving of notice. The only objection of any force relates to the structure of the author's verse, and the supposed neglect of melody in his measure. I had thought it necessary to remark,

in the introduction to the first edition, that “*expression*, rather than *harmony*”, was his object:” and this I said from a perfect knowledge of his particular sentiments. That soft-toned, gently-swell-
ing, and melodious modulation of sound, which our late poets have introduced upon every

* A critic, to whose judgement I am disposed to pay much deference, has observed, that “he would have said—*melody*, rather than *harmony*.” In strict propriety of speech *melody* may perhaps be the preferable term; but the use of “*harmony*” and “*harmonious*,” in the sense in which I have employed those words, is sanctioned by the practice of our best writers. Lord Kames, I believe, was the first person, who marked a distinction between melody and harmony, as applicable to the rhythm of verse; and I must own, that his authority has with me no great weight. I should not however have added this note, had I not conceived, that the term “*harmony*” presents to the mind the idea of “just proportion of sounds,” from the lowest—to the highest, from the most soft—to the most strong; that “*melody*,” on the contrary, seems to imply the “concord of *sweet sounds*” only; and that therefore the general use of the latter word, since the time of Lord Kames, may have contributed, like many of his critical remarks, to render English versification more and more monotonous.

occasion, he thought destructive of all spirit and energy, — languid, — wearisome, — and disgusting. Systematically avoiding this error, he might in his own practice incline to the opposite extreme. In some of his earlier compositions, he imitated, and with success, the numbers of Pope.* : but his

* The reader may possibly like to see the following quotations, which are not entirely unconnected with the present subject, since they relate to harmonious sounds. They are taken from one of Mr. Bishop's juvenile productions, (not sufficiently correct to be given entirely) in which he has supposed man in a savage state, led to the invention of the lyre, and the discovery of the powers of music and eloquence, by observing the harmony apparent in the works of nature. Though the modulation even here is much varied, many of the lines are flowing, if not musical,

“ And if not soft, seem tun'd for softness more,”
than the author's later productions.

Oft as he rov'd along the rivulet's side,
Soft by the pebbled brink he heard the waters glide ;
Observ'd how sound to sound, as wave to wave,
Succeeding, just returns of pleasure gave ;—
Of pleasure now suspended, now reviv'd,
To time responsive, as from time deriv'd.

mature judgement adopted that still more diversified, perhaps irregular rhythm, which distinguishes many of the pieces in these volumes. Milton and

—From birds, the wild musicians of the grove,
He learn'd how sounds thro' varied tones might rove,
From high to low might fall, from low to high
Rebounding, swell around, and fill the distant sky;—
Or vague, in sweet confusion blended, give
Grace each to each—or each from each receive.
—Pleas'd, and improv'd, he heard the breezy gale,
Bleak from the hills, or whistling thro' the vale;
Hence taught in motion, harmony to seek,—
Taught how vibration gave the woods to speak;
Whene'er the leafy shade the tempest past,—
The leafy shade still quivering to the blast.

* * * * *

And ever and anon, with doubtful pride,
Struck the stretch'd chord;—the vocal chord reply'd;
Replied, retentive of the tone he gave,
Subordinately sweet, or deeply grave.
Bold by degrees from string to string he flies;
Successive fall the sounds, successive rise:
At random now his wanton hand he spread,
Where fancy dictated, or fortune led;

Dryden were his most esteemed models of composition: but Milton and Dryden are not now in fashion. And Pope himself, though he is allowed to “ excel in the variety of his melody,” yet has not escaped censure for “ capital defects” in several of his verses, which the fastidious delicacy of a late critic has pronounced to be “ harsh and “ unpleasant.” If, therefore, my friend is condemned on that account, he suffers in common with *our* most eminent poets; and even with Horace, “ many lines in” whose “ satires and epistles are”

And paus'd—and rais'd by turns and sunk the strain,
Redoubled notes, and measur'd back again.
—Wild as it was, and incoherent too,
His ravish'd soul congenial music knew,—
Confest elastic force, and active fire,—
And sprung symphonious to so rude a lyre:
So equal strings, in equal tension bound,
Distant conspire, and sympathize in sound:
Give one to speak, his counterpart awakes,
Joys in the common stroke and percussive shakes.

said to be "neither verse nor prose in perfection *." Whether Mr. Bishop thought his practice justified by the authority of such great names, or whether he had formed his own plan of versification, it is certain that the licences which he has taken, were almost always the result of design, not the effect of negligence. In several of his corrected copies, the last alterations occasion the very irregularities in question: and when some of his poems were published without his concurrence in the periodical works of the day, the printers, by the help of apostrophe, elision, and even the substitution of one word for another †, generally contriving to reduce the lines to the usual number of feet or syllables, he would say, that they had spoiled them. Indeed it is certainly an erroneous supposition, that our heroic verse (and the

* Elements of Criticism, vol. ii. p. 118. fifth edition.

† A disyllable for a trisyllable, as for instance "Goodness" for "Excellence."—See Vol. II. p. 103. l. 17.

remark is equally applicable to all English metre) is limited to any fixed number of syllables, or confined to any certain arrangement of quantities: admitting different kinds of feet, it varies from ten to thirteen, sometimes even fourteen, syllables: and this diversity is so far from offending, that it always relieves, and often delights, the ear. In general the vowels omitted in *writing* verse, are given with great propriety in the *speaking* *. No reader of the least taste ever drops the


* Any of the following lines would be detestable, if *pronounced* as consisting of only ten syllables:—

With many a weary step, and many a groan.
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
And the shrill sounds ran echoing through the wood.
With native humour tempering virtuous rage.
Throws his steep flight in many an airy whirl.
The adventurous baron the bright locks admir'd.
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alps.
And many an amorous, many a humorous lay.

It is unnecessary to enumerate instances, which must frequently occur to every reader's notice. Surely the *real* numbers of any verse, are those which meet the ear in recitation, not those presented to the eye upon paper.

letter struck out by an elision, nor does even the apostrophe constantly remove a syllable from the pronunciation. Our modern critics and our modern poets do not seem to conceive the relief which a varied rhythm occasionally affords to the speaker, nor the animated and pleasing expression, or even the full and harmonious sound, which a *good* speaker can give to lines apparently defective in their modulation; but which by contrast and force, prevent monotony, and increase the spirit of the whole composition.

This subject of English verification appears not to have been yet thoroughly investigated; but I have neither ability nor inclination to pursue the inquiry; though it would afford room for ample discussion. It is sufficient for my purpose that Mr. Bishop's practice is not unprecedented; and that our most esteemed poets will be found frequently to have taken those licences which are com-




demned in him,—to have “employed trisyllables
 “and quadrisyllables*,”—to have used words
 “too long for their places, and which will not
 “bear shortening,”—and to have “dropped a
 “syllable,” or rather, to have added one or more,
 which the reader *cannot drop*, but must of necessity
 pronounce. This variety in movement often im-
 proves even the harmony, no less than the ex-
 pression: and if not, what is gained in force is
 more than a compensation for what may be lost
 in melody. The just union of these two qualities
 certainly constitutes the perfection of verse. The
 doubt then, which may yet occur, is, how far
 Mr. Bishop’s poetical works possess *both* these qua-
 lities? Expression they do possess in a great degree;

* When Dryden speaks of modern metre as constituted of
 dissyllables, he means *feet* of two syllables;—when Lord Kames
 mentions dissyllables as peculiarly adapted to the composition
 of English verse, he means *words* of two syllables;—a material
 difference; which I do not recollect to have ever seen noticed
 by any of our critical writers.

and of harmony as much perhaps as is consistent with the nature of the subjects, and the sportive turn of the author's thoughts. "The softly sweet-flowing Lydian measure" would ill suit *his* compositions, abounding in sudden bursts of wit, intended to *exhilarate*—not to "lull and soothe—the mind." Plaintive or sentimental poetry, and whatever awakens tender feelings, may delight in a gentle, and melodious modulation; and all that rouses the more powerful emotions, or the more vehement passions, may demand a rhythm, occasionally full, sonorous, and lengthened, sometimes rapid and abrupt; but light, humorous, satirical, and perhaps didactic, poems, seem to require numbers varying, and lively,—rather than smooth, and harmonious.

The result of my own careful observation of my friend's versification is, that it is peculiarly adapted to the sprightliness of his ideas; and though



less sweet than strong, yet being never languid nor monotonous, it generally satisfies at once both the ear and the understanding. If the reader will take the trouble to substitute, not in one line only, but in different instances, words of fewer syllables and a more regular measure, in the place of those employed by Mr. Bishop, and observe the consequent diminution in effect; or if, after having perused any production of our modern melodious versifiers, he will turn to one of the following pages, and consult his own feelings;—he will then perhaps be the better able to appreciate justly the excellence of a modulation, diversified, forcible, and aptly expressive; which often seems almost inseparably united with the sentiment which it was designed to convey.

But however this question respecting the author's rhythm may be determined, (and it is for the *public* to decide!) I am persuaded that as long as

playfulness of fancy, and archness of wit,—displayed in an happy combination of images, and a constant succession of original and vigorous conceptions,—and heightened by the beauties of a diction chaste and compressed, elegant and energetic,—shall interest men's feelings, or command their admiration, so long shall Mr. Bishop's poems maintain a respectable station among those works which do honor to the English language.

KENSINGTON GORE,
Nov. 25, 1799.

THOMAS CLARE.

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The errors of the press, it is hoped, are few, and do not extend beyond the occasional omission of a stop, or mistake of a letter; which the reader will easily correct for himself.

O D E S.

VOL. I.

B



ODE I.
ON THE KING'S MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.


I.

SOFT rose the gales, ordain'd to bear
To ALBION's coast the chosen Fair,
Her Monarch's future Bride;
When, lo! the Nymph, that loves to dwell
Deep in the pearl-enamell'd cell,
Where ALBIS' waters glide,
High o'er the wave appear'd, and strung
Her coral lyre, and thus she sung:—

II.

- “ Go, share the glory of a Throne,
“ Where Virtues, worthy of thine own,
“ Congenial lustre shed :
“ Go, share the transports of a breast,
“ Whose cares shall give the Nations rest,
“ And raise th’ afflicted head :
“ Shall burst th’ encroaching tyrant’s chain,
“ And bid Ambition rage in vain.

III.

- “ Obedient to the lot assign’d,
“ Thy country gives thee to mankind,
“ And turns her raptur’d eye
“ (Prophetic of thy future claim)
“ To every dearer, nobler name,
“ To every stronger tie,—
“ When grateful Nations shall contend
“ To hail thee, Mother, Queen, and Friend.
- 

IV.

- “ Just to a Patriot’s generous cares,
“ Indulgent to a Kingdom’s prayers,
“ Heaven’s happiest influence shone ;
“ Each glory Victory’s wreath bestows,
“ Each radiance that from Virtue flows,
“ At once adorn’d the Throne :
“ The Brave, the Good, the Just, approv’d,
“ And Freedom prais’d,—because she lov’d.

V.

- “ Thou, when domestic scenes of joy
“ His dearer, tenderer cares employ,
“ Shalt seize the favouring hour :
“ Thoughts, which thy softness will suggest,
“ Shall charm at once, and raise his breast,
“ And Love give Virtue power :
“ Some added Wreath his brow shall bind ;
“ Some added Good enrich mankind.

VI.

- “ Then shall he blefs thy kind concern,
“ Gladly to Love and Thee return,
“ And own his toils repaid ;
“ Shall own that Heaven for him prepar’d
“ The nobleft toils, the beft reward ;
“ And trace from Thee convey’d,
“ To every age, on BRITAIN’S Throne,
“ Defert and Glory,—like his own.”

O D E IL
TO THE QUEEN ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

WRITTEN 1764.

I.

FROM all the blifs a Queen can feel,
When a whole grateful Nation pays
(Ardent in duty, bold in zeal)
The annual tribute of it's praise,

II.

The Royal Dame a moment stole,—
Laid down the wreaths her people wrought,
And, wrapt in sweet fuspence of foul,
Indulged a Mother's tenderest thought.

III.


Where, sooth'd by Slumber's lenient hand,
Two Boys, her infant offspring lay,
Intent she took her silent stand ;
And gave each rising passion way.

IV.

By turns Complacence smooth'd her brow,
And Care all-anxious flush'd her cheek ;
Now glow'd Remembrance,—Fondness now
Inspir'd what utterance could not speak.

V.

Oft Fancy—prompted by concern,
To urge an half-form'd tear began ;
And Hope, that made her bosom burn,
Finish'd the pearl, and down it ran.



VI.

While thus she stood, and look'd, and lov'd,
And fonder still, and happier grew,
(For every look her love improv'd,
And love still sweeten'd every view,)

VII.

Unseen the Cherubs hover'd near,
Whom Fate to guard her sons ordain'd;
They mark'd each joy she felt, each tear,
And thus alternate speech maintain'd:

VIII.

“ See” (said the Heav’n-born Form, whose care
BRITANNIA’S elder hope employ’d)
“ What thoughts the Parent’s bosom share,
“ While Majesty is unenjoy’d.


IX.

- “ Yet know, O Queen ! ’tis but begun
“ The strong sensation thou must prove ;
“ Each year, that waits its course to run,
“ Will bring new ecstasy of love.

X.

- “ How will the soul, that scarce sustains
“ Ev’n now the dear employ to trace
“ Features, where silent beauty reigns,
“ Mere infant innocence and grace !

XI.

- “ How will it throb, beneath th’ excess,
“ The pangs, the agony of bliss,
“ When from those lips soft sounds shall press
“ To greet another day like this !
- 

XII.

- “ How will the blood, thro’ every vein
 “ Run thrilling to the Mother’s heart ;
 “ When she shall see her Boy maintain,
 “ In the Boy’s sport, the Prince’s part !

XIII.

- “ How will her bosom pant, to read
 “ In every part some likeness caught ;
 “ Some semblance of his Father’s deed,
 “ Some copy of his Mother’s thought !

XIV.

- “ What will she say, when Reason’s voice
 “ Calls the young powers of action forth,
 “ Prompts him to choose,—and founds his choice
 “ On plans of dignity and worth !

XV.

- " How will she dread each vice she fees,
" Each gay temptation Courts display,
" The charms of pleasure, grandeur, ease,
" The snares that glitter to betray !

XVI.

- " What bliss will intercept her fear,
" Whene'er she sees her Hero rise,
" Tender to act, yet still severe
" To scorn, what virtue should despise !

XVIII.

- " What genial warmth will raise her mind,
" When any purpose seems to say,
" He knows what service to mankind
" The Great must owe, the Good must pay !

XVIII.

“ When Echo dwells upon his name,
 “ And gives it to the nations round,
 “ How will her heart enjoy th’ acclaim,
 “ And beat and spring to every found !”

XIX.

So said th’ angelic Spirit; and ceas’d :—
 And thus his Fellow-guardian cry’d :
 “ By all these joys, and all increas’d,
 “ The Mother’s fondness must be try’d.

XX.

“ While forward, thro’ each coming year,
 “ Maternal care her eyes shall cast,
 “ My younger Boy, that slumbers near,
 “ Will give her back again the past :

XXI.

- “ Will show her every charm renew’d,
“ Each native charm his Brother bore ;
“ Or with peculiar pow’rs endu’d,
“ Awake a joy unfelt before :—

XXII.

- “ That while the hopes her First-born gave
“ Are crown’d by every future deed ;
“ Her equal love may see as brave,
“ As dear a progeny succeed.”

XXIII.

Scarce had he spoke, when shouts and song
Claim’d in the Queen her BRITAIN’S part ;
She heard—and tow’rd th’ applauding throng
Turn’d all the fullness of her heart.

O D E III.
ON ELOQUENCE.

I. 1.

Auspicious influence marks th' important hour,
When conscious sympathy owns th' august controul,
Which, strong to triumph in Persuasion's power,
Alarms, arrests, impels, commands the soul.
Accordant Passions recognise it's sway;
Convinced, applaud it; or subdued, obey;
The vocal Magic quells them, as they rise;
It calls, and Reason hears; it blames, and Folly dies.

I. 2.

'Twas thus of old the MAN OF ATHENS spoke,
When valour languish'd at the crush it fear'd ;
While PHILIP form'd for GREECE th' opprobrious yoke ;
Now lull'd, now brav'd, the Spirit once rever'd :
" Awake," he cry'd, " repel the Intruder's blow !
" Distrust the subtle, meet the daring Foe !
" 'Tis sloth, not PHILIP, that disarms your rage ;—
" Success will crown the war, which Honour's cham-
" pions wage."

I. 3.

Silent, awhile, the crowd attend,
Thro' gradual energies ascend,
From Shame to Hope, Revenge, Disdain :
They blush, reflect, resolve, unite ;
Defy the attack ; demand the fight ;
And spurn th' insulting Traitor's chain :
Their throbbing breasts exalted impulse show ;
And all their Sires in all their bosoms glow !

II. 1.

Met not to rouse alone th' emasculate mind,
 Or nerve the warrior's arm, does Speech display
 Resistless rule :—all-various, unconfin'd,
 It brings the soft sensations into day ;
 It gives the meliorated heart to feel
 New joy from pity, and from joy new zeal ;
 Smooths the stern Front, which hard Resentments strain,
 And bends tumultuous Will to Candour's mild domain.

II. 2.

Such was the bland effect, when CÆsar's ear
 To TULLY's plea devout attention gave ;
 And check'd, in Indignation's mid career,
 The World's Proprietor stood th' Orator's slave :
 " I show thee, Cæsar," said the Sage, " I show
 A Prize, no Conquest ever could bestow :
 " Thyself must give it to thyself alone,—
 " 'Tis Mercy's hallow'd Palm !—O make it all thine
 " own !"

II. 3.

The mighty Master of mankind,
Lur'd by the potent spell, resign'd
Each purpose of severer thought ;
Forgot the wrongs, the toils he bore ;
Indulged vindictive Wrath, no more ;
And was, whatever TULLY taught :
When TULLY urg'd the convict Suppliant's prayer,
'Twas Pride to assent ; 'twas Luxury to spare !

III. 1.

BRITAIN ! for thee, each emulous Muse has wrought
Some votive Wreath, some Trophy of Renown ;
Some Meed of Excellence, Sons of thine have caught,
Where'er Exertion strove for Merit's Crown :
Where then more aptly can the Power divine
Of Classic Speech with genuine vigour shine,
Than where the Virtues live, whose genial fire
Could Rights like thine assert, and Laws like thine
inspire ?

III. 2.

ethinks I see a land of Patriots rise
Sublime in native Eloquence! around
h' astonish'd Nations fix their eager eyes;
And wonder, while they tremble at the sound.
hey learn what labours fill the Hero's life,
That stedfast dignity, what generous strife!
That efforts best adorn him, and improve,
Justice, and bold Emprize, Benignity, and Love!

III. 3.

Rival of Deeds in annals old,
By GREEK and ROMAN Genius told,
O justify another claim!
With all their splendid Praise in view,
Preserve their manly Eloquence too,
To grace thy more illustrious Name!
The long records of BRITISH Glory swell
With Worth, which only BRITISH Tongues can tell!

O D E IV.

ON DAY.

I.

THRON'D in Empyrean Glory's blaze,
Th' Omnipotent call'd forth a living Ray :
" Go speed," he said, " thy flight benign !
" And where I draw Creation's line,
" Be thou the Torch of Day !"

II.

Proud of so high behest
Thro' God's august abode,
The obedient Beam a Sun confest,
In Orbed Splendor rode.

Upward her eye impregnate Nature cast,
And hail'd the warm Effulgence as it past :
Life glow'd more vigorous, Beauty shone more gay :
The Power, whose blest decree
Bade Life and Beauty be,
O crown all Life and Beauty gave the Day.

III.

Across the wilds, amidst the groves,
Mark where the feather'd Nation roves !
While eager Vision scarce pursues
Th' eternal change of glittering hues !
Yet vain those glittering hues, and vain
Must that eternal change remain,
Till Day, profuse of Light, illumine
Each shadowy tint, and flash on every plume.

IV.

Lo where the Eagle cuts his way,
Towering athwart th' immense of sky !
No bounds his daring pinion stay ;
No radiance dims his ardent eye.
Him heavenly Wisdom form'd of old,
Excess of spirit to disclose ;
And taught his steadfast course to hold,
Where Day's concentrate Lustre rose.

V.

Thus he through trackless heights unwearied soars.
Glad Day meanwhile salutes the flowery train,
Where sweets exhale from thousand, thousand pores ;
And lavish Vegetation clothes the plain.
Nor scorn his chearing fervors to expand
The faithful marigold's recovering bloom ;
Whose closing buds a mournful progeny stand,
While eve's chill shades their fullen reign assume.

VI.

Busy din affails mine ears !
Hurried echoes round me play !
His War's rude voice ! her banner'd Pomp she tears,
Insolent to flaunt it in the face of Day !
Commerce ! rear thy banners too !
Raife thy shout of Civic Glee !
Day will rejoice thy trophied March to view,
That blazons Patriot Reign and peaceful Polity.

VII.

Health, O Day ! exults to greet thee !
Lusty Strength springs forth to meet thee !
Enterprife is fond to use thee !
Hope, midst gathering gloom, renews thee !
Science ! Genius ! love to race thee,
Grac'd by thee ! and skill'd to grace thee !

.VIII.

At heedless ease in thy prolific Heat,
The tawny native of more Torrid Lands
Basks him luxurious :—while beneath his feet
His rampant crop, an unfought harvest stands.
To Temperate Climes vicissitude like thine
Alternate profit and delight supplies !
Care rests from toil, secure, at thy decline :
Rest plans new toils, secure to see thee rise !
Ev'n on his rock of everlasting Frost
The hard inhabitant of Greenland's shore
Buys thy brief stay, at twofold winter's cost,
And but resigns thee, to enjoy thee more !

ODE V.
ON INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC.

I.

WHERE health and high spirits awaken the morn,
And dash thro' the dews, that impearl the rough thorn.
To shouts and to cries
Shrill Echo replies;
While the HORN prompts the shout, and the shout
greets the Horn.

II.

Loud across the upland ground,
Sweetly mellowing down the vale,
The changeful BELLS ring jocund round,
Where Joy bestrides the gale;


Herald eager to proclaim
The Lover's bliss, or Hero's fame.

III.

Shall the FIDDLE's sprightly strain,
In Pleasure's realms our feet detain,
Where Youth and Beauty in the dance
Borrow new charms from Elegance?

IV.

Or shall we stray,
Where stately thro' the public way,
Amidst the TRUMPET's clangors and th' acclaim
Of civic zeal, in long procession move
Nobles and Chiefs of venerable fame;
Or haply Sovereign Majesty displays
To public view the lustre of its rays,
And proves at once, and wins, a Nation's love.



V.

Hark ! how the solemn ORGAN calls
Attention's sober ears to hallow'd walls ;
Where meek, yet warm, beneath the Temple's shade
Devotion seeks with stedfast eyes
The God, whose Glories every gloom pervade,
To whom for ever prayer is made,
And daily praises rise !

VI.

What notes in swiftest cadence running,
Thro' many a maze of varied measure,
Mingled by the master's cunning,
Give th' alarm to festive pleasure ?
Cambria ! 'twas thus thy HARPS of old,
Each gallant heart's recess explor'd ;
Announcing Feats of Chieftains bold,
To grace the hospitable board.

VII.

Mark how the Soldier's eye
Looks proud defiance ! How his heart beats high
With glorious expectation ! What inspires—
What fans his martial fires ?
What but the power of Sound ?
'The clamorous DRUMS his anxious ardour raise,
His blood flows quicker round ;
At once he hears, he feels, enjoys, obeys.

VIII.

Where gath'ring storms incessant lower,
And niggard Nature chills th' abortive grain ;
From her bleak heights see SCOTLAND pour
Blithe Lads and Lasses trim ; an hardy train,
Down the crag, and o'er the lea,
Following still with hearty glee
The BAGPIPES mellow minstrelsy.

IX.

Where cloudless suns with glowing dyes
Tinge ITALY's serenest skies,
Soft, the winding lawns along,
The Lover's LUTE complains ;
While ling'ring Echo learns the song,
Gives it the woods, and loth to lose
One accent of th' impassion'd Muse,
Bids woods return it to the plains.

X.

Time was when, stretch'd beneath the beechen shade,
The simple Shepherd warbled his sweet lay ;
Lur'd to his rustic REED the gentle maid,
Welcom'd the morn, and caroll'd down the day.
Why do our Swains depart from ancient lore ?
Why sounds no Past'ral Reed on Britain's shore ?
—The Innocence, which tuned it, is no more !

HYMN.
ON THE SPRING.

WHILE Nature, full of milder grace,
Expects the glad return of Spring ;
Already see the feather'd race
Chaunt jocund on exulting wing !

The rising flowers, the budding trees,
Each airy songster's notes inspire,
Nor shall my Muse forget with these
To join the universal Choir.

Hail ! Parent ! God ! Creator ! hail !
Rich fount of life, of sense, of joy !
Thy praise, 'till this weak tongue shall fail,
For ever shall this tongue employ.

When morn dispels the shades of night,
I trace thee thro' the livelong day ;
When eve succeeds retiring light,
Thy Name still animates my lay.

While taught by thy unerring skill,
Successive seasons intervene,
Earth all-obedient hears thy will,
And spreads the vegetable scene.

Thy sun, the herald of thy praise,
Fills with new life the pregnant plains,
Pours on each spot the vital rays ;
Bids each be born ; and born, sustains.

The brood, that crowds the wat'ry space,
The rapid streams, and trickling rills,
The insect troops, the reptile race,
The cattle on a thousand hills,

All, all confess thy tender care,
And thine Almighty Power proclaim;
Thro' earth and sea, and trackless air,
The voice of Nature is the same.

The bright assembled worlds on high,
Roll constant thro' the liquid space,
With sparkling glories gild the sky,
Where thy great hand describes their race.

The dew-bent clouds, for Thee, their Lord,
Distill the gentle kindly show'r;
Or, ready to fulfil thy word,
The fierce impetuous torrent pour.

Restrain'd by thee, the fanning gales
The thick wood's waving surface sweep,
Or, loos'd, rush head-long thro' the vales,
And plow the hoarse-responding deep.

At thy command, in silent flakes
Congeal'd descends the fleecy snow ;
Vast ice incrusts the stagnate lakes ;
And streams arrested, cease to flow.

By thy Almighty Nod enlarg'd,
The awful thunder shakes the skies ;
And thro' the cleft expanse discharg'd,
Sudden the forked lightning flies.

“ See this, thou madly stubborn mind,
“ Whom wilful error leads astray ;
“ Whose eye to fair experience blind,
“ Amidst the circling blaze of day,

“ Can see no Providence Divine,
“ The wise, the wond'rous plan advance ;
“ No Pow'r supreme thro' Nature shine ;
“ No world but this ; no God but chance.

-
- “ Put off the mean, the fatal pride,
“ Which turns thy foot from truth’s plain road,
“ And own a God alone supplied
“ The very pow’r to doubt a God.
- “ From Him, th’ exhaustless source of good,
“ Thy parts, thine active spirits flow;
“ Thro’ His kind aid is understood
“ All art can teach, all man can know.
- “ And art thou still perversely wrong?
“ Thy rash resolves can nothing move?
“ Not all th’ amazing proofs that throng,
“ Within, around thee, and above!
- “ Persist! but know the day will come,
“ (Be sure ’twill come;—perhaps ’tis near!)
- “ When thou, beneath conviction dumb,
“ Confus’d and conscious shalt appear;—

“ When thou with shame, remorse, and tears,
“ Shalt open thine unwilling eyes ;
“ Shalt feel the truth thy folly sneers ;
“ Shalt try the Pow’r, thy pride denies !”

Exalted then to perfect bliss,
O’er worlds of joy the good shall rove ;
Who fought those happier worlds in this,
Thro’ faith, integrity, and love.

Transporting thought !—“ O God ! thy grace,
“ As onward dazzled reason goes,
“ Bright and more bright it’s beam displays ;
“ More glorious scenes of wonder shows !”

In vain, my Muse, thy hand essays
To tune the faintly-sounding shell ;
Leave to Eternity the praise,
Which scarce Eternity can tell.



THE
MAN OF TASTE:
IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2.

3.

4.

5.

THE
MAN OF TASTE.

HENCE ! Phantom ! weak, and vain,
FASHION ! of Indolence and Folly born !
Nurs'd by Conceit and Scorn !
And cradled in the wild, distemper'd brain !
Go ! Hoyden, as thou art,
A full-grown Baby ! skittish ! prone to range !
Chang'd, evermore to change !
Find out some high tower's pinnacle ! and watch
The shifting vane to catch,
That veers with every blast, to every part !

But come ! thou sober Influence,
Whom GENIUS bore of old to SENSE !

TASTE, thy Name ! — Beneath a shade,
By arched oaks embowering, made,
SENSE his stand, deep-musing, took ;
With fixed foot, and stedfast look,
Nature's handy-work surveying ;—
Where fruit and flower the meads arraying,
Lavish of hues, that might outvie
The many-tinged rainbow's die,
Show'd heavenly pencilling !—What time
GENIUS, the Wood-nymph, in her prime
Of bloom and spirit, past along ;
Light of heart ; and frank of song ;
Vagrant, on a fleet Zephyr's wing,
Plund'ring the magazines of Spring ;
Vermil tints, and perfum'd air,
Gathering here ; and scattering there !

HER the thought-wrapt Being espied
Glancing comely by his side ;
And, with sudden passion fir'd,
Follow'd still, as She retir'd :

Soon won, with ardent vows, her mind,
And in meet Espousal join'd,
In happiest hour the Bride embrac'd !
—Hence th' auspicious Birth of TASTE !

Come ! decent Nymph ! in ample vest ;
Of seemly-fuited colours drest !—
Come thou, TASTE ! and bring with thee,
The Maiden, meek Simplicity !—
Come ! and give mine eye to stray,
Where thou deignest to display
Thy dædal pow'r, such grace to teach,
As Nature loves, but cannot reach !

Let us oft our visit pay,
(In the pure matin prime of day,
E'er the high sun hath drank the dews,)
To where the Poet courts the Muse !
Him, I mean, who bows the knee,
In homage still submits to Thee !
Whom thy steady rule hath taught
To form the Plan, and point the Thought ;

To Passion all it's voice to give ;
And bid the warm Description live !
Him, who ne'er in evil hour,
Mistaking strong desire for pow'r,
Couples ideas vague and rude,
Match'd, without similitude !
Where, wedg'd in heterogeneous rank,
Tall Metaphors each other flank ;
And seem in such confusion set,
As if they wonder'd how they met :
Or under an huge pile of Phrase,
Which idly-grouped Figures raise
With blank and alien Epithets,
The dull drudge Affectation sweats !
Nor let my foot the spot forbear,
Where Judgment takes the critic chair ;
Commanding at her side to stand,
Candor, and Spirit, hand in hand ;
Bidding mine eye some canvas trace,
Where the bold Outline's soft'ned grace,

Expression rich, and chaste Design,

With delicate Neglect combine ;

Till rapt attention, fairly caught,

Fill me with all the Painter's thought !

Haply, some rising Dome shall claim

My glad observance ; where the Dame

Propriety, throughout presiding,

Plan, Measure, Execution, guiding,

Blends neat Convenience with Expence,

Proportion with Magnificence :

While Attic Elegance and Ease

Help Roman Grandeur more to please ;

And Roman Grandeur doth advance

The Attic Ease and Elegance !

My soul, meanwhile, with rapture ranging

O'er parts in aptest order changing,

Sees every Art of every Coast


Become my Country's gradual boast.

Or if domestic objects wake

Mine inclination ; let me take

Beside the Family Hearth, my stand,
Where, Good-nature, blithe and bland,
Calls, with more than magic force,
Every Grace and Joy of course ;
Speeding the buxom hours along,
With converse sweet, free jest, prompt song ;
Teaching each excellence to find
The inmost bosom, where inshrined
Sits chaste Decorum ; holding still
In bands of filk the truant Will ;
While Mirth and Virtue walk at ease ;
Prone to be pleas'd ; and glad to please.

Sometime wand'ring, let me meet,
Seldom found, the blissful Seat,
Where Discretion, mildly sage,
Watches o'er the rising age ;
Warning still the parent's care
To snatch from Folly's gripe, his heir ;
Lessoning the virgin ears of youth
In that most glorious science—Truth—



Truth of Thought,—due praise to give !
Truth of Heart,—to act and live !
Or training for the public scene,
The social consciousness serene ;
Which founds (un-dup'd by popular names)
On general duties, private claims ;
And general claims, where'er they rise,
By private duty's standard tries :
Convinc'd that, in dominion's scale
Whatever civil plans prevail,
The Almighty word, which form'd this ball,
Made Man for Man ; and ALL for ALL.

TASTE !—if with me thou deign to dwell,
Let signs like these, thy influence tell ;
Mode, Whim, Expence, and awkward Pain,
Usurp thy semblance, all in vain ;
Invention, with Proportion join'd,
Ardor corrected, Strength refin'd,
Announce (in spite of crude pretence)
The Child of GENIUS and of SENSE !



THE
P R E A C H E R :
IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

—

.

THE
PREACHER.

SERAPH of Truth ! (Thou who to IMLAH's son,
MICAIAH, Seer of the Most High, didst shew
The lying spirit, from the Throne of God
Sent forth, to lure with language of fair hope
AHAB, death-doom'd, to RAMOTH,) Oh ! vouchsafe
A moment of thy lustre to mine eye,
Else dark ; and guide me, inexperienced and weak,
Thro' argument, to mortal phantasie
Inscrutable, save with Cœlestial Aid.
Arduous the task to fix the wilful mind
Of heedless Man ! and lead intelligence

To it's prime source, the One Great Infinite,
The First, Supreme, Essential Excellence,
Glory of Glories! Majesty of Might!—
—Blest Contemplation! could the Preacher dwell
For ever on that theme!—But ah! too soon
Justice amidst th' eternal attributes
Lifts her stern front; and to reflection's glance
Unfolds a crimson Register: the Heart
Conscious recoils; and owns the dreadful record
A transcript of itself.—Where now, vile Man!
Where, Sinner! where, Pollution! is thy refuge?
The Power, the Wisdom,—and whate'er thou saw'st
In Him, the Almighty—saw'st rejoicing—now
But serves to arm with tenfold energy
Affronted Vengeance!—And th' Empyrean Brightness,
(Brightness to pure Angelic Spirits,) to Thee
Gleams kindling Terrors of Omnipotence,
And flaming shafts of Wrath inevitable.

Yet e'er thou sink beneath th' incumbent weight
Of Guilt, and of Dismay, attend once more

Preacher's call—Raife, thou appall'd, thy face
in tow'rd Heaven's high Throne; look up; and fee
rnate Deity, the Word, the Life,
Word of Life, the Life of Righteousnefs,
very confubstantial Son of God,
ome thy Advocate, thy Expiation,
Health, thy Stay, thy Heritage for ever!
h! glorious Tidings! Oh fupreme delight
give thefe tidings to Mankind!
point Redemption out! to pour the balm
Peace and Comfort on Defpair! to lead
nentant fenfe to Faith; and Faith to Purity,
d Purity to Zeal, and Zeal to Virtue,
d Virtue to the Chriftian's high pre-eminence,
effence, his perfection—Charity!
uch purpofe, fo important, dignifies
: Preacher's occupation:—ill difcharg'd
en Pride affumes the veil of Sanctity,
minift'ring thro' fpiritual dominion
lordly empire o'er the lives of men;

Such as in ROME, or farthest PARAGUAY,
Pontiff or Jesuit, by threats or wiles,
Bull, Relique, Legend, Sophism, Sword, or Fire,
Establiſh'd.—Nor doth he diſhonour leſs
His hallow'd Calling, who for Doctrines gives
Interpretation, private, perſonal,
Fantatic, or unfruitful; changing thus
The Image of the Sole Immutable,
To likenefs of mere Man.—Nor he, who, fir'd
By worldly objects, lucre, or th' acclaim
Of ſhallow multitudes, makes holy Truth
Deluſion's inſtrument.—Nor he, who pines
Envious of excellence, and low'rs gaunt ſcorn,
If chance a brother's merit riſe to view.

Far other ſigns, far other principles
Mark the true Preacher; mark his life, his judgment
His eloquence, his converſe, his affections.
Meekneſs, Complacence, gentle Sympathy,
Cheerful Conceſſion, manly Perſeverance,
The Dignity of Truth, the Condeſcenſion

Of ever-during Patience and sweet Candour,
The Wish, the warm Solitude to spread
Good-will, improvement, amity, joy, confidence,
Salvation,—these inspire him—these exalt
His thought, act, speech. — Thou also, Virgin-born,
Saviour of Men ! Thou also giv'st thy Spirit
To him, whom thou approve'st,—Him, whose zeal
Describes Thee, as Thou art ; Author and Finisher
Of Faith, Obedience, peaceful Modesty,
And Love uncircumscribed ;—who, most resembling,
But teaches mortals to resemble thee
By Holiness on earth ;—that, made hereafter
Immortal like thyself, they may partake
Thy purchas'd Kingdom,—purchas'd by the pains
Of suffering Godhead ; and around thy seat
Clad with ethereal Radiance, resound
Thy triumphs—Sin abolish'd, Death destroy'd,
The Just made perfect, and thy Faithful-ones
Thron'd in Beatitude for Evermore !

THE
FAIRY BENISON;

AN INTERLUDE:

IN IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

Designed to have been performed at the Theatre
Royal in Covent Garden, on the first night when
the PRINCE OF WALES should be present.]

WRITTEN IN 1766.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OBERON.

PUCK.

TITANIA.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

THE
FAIRY BENISON;
AN INTERLUDE.

SCENE I.

Enter PUCK.

THOROUGH blast, and thorough dew,
Over field and over town,
Along yon Crescent's glimpse I flew,
And here the Moon-beam sets me down.
By great **TITANIA**'s strict command
I stole from out the Fairy-land ;
" Go, **PUCK**," she cry'd, " Go ; fly ; pervade
" Cloud-curtained eve's unfolding shade,
" And wheresoe'er thou shalt espy
" The Flower of earthly Royalty,

“ A Prince, the Hope of Worlds, between

“ A Briton King, and German Queen,

“ Say, I, TITANIA, bade thee there

“ My warmest gratulations bear :

“ Then with a thought return again,

“ Ere OBERON miss thee from his train.”

A Prince, the Hope of Worlds, between

A Briton King, and German Queen,

These must I seek ; till these I find,

Fleet on swift wings, and leave the breeze behind.

[Going off, he sees the King, Queen, Prince, &c
and after a pause proceeds.]

Mists ! that mortal eye-balls dim ;

Forms ! in fluid air that swim ;

Vanish from before my view !

— Ha ! the glorious Vision’s true !

They are the Father ! Mother ! Son !

— Now my part will soon be done.

[Flourish of Trumpets

O spight! these sounds our King's approach proclaim;
If PUCK is caught, TITANIA bears the blame.

SCENE II.

*Flat opens, and discovers OBERON and TITANIA descending
from Fairy Land.*

OBERON.

See, there, my Love, the young and princely Bud,
Whose blossoming fair Freedom doats upon!
[Sees PUCK.]

Hah PUCK! what makes he here?—TITANIA,
I fear me much, thy too officious haste
Hath play'd me false: Thou didst not send that Sprite?

TITANIA.

In sooth, my Lord, I did.


OBERON.

It was a deed,
That flames the doer.—What?—Our several laws

Ev'n like our private and connubial loves,
Made for this Prince, but one incorporate fondness;
Our present speeding held one common scope,
To greet him with our earliest. Knowing this,
Why hath TITANIA from her OBERON
Pilfer'd the vantage of a little hour,
So beggaring our joint purpose?—Was this well?
Indeed it was not well.

TITANIA.

Why ! Wherein ill, my Lord ?
True, I did share your counsels ; did approve
Your coming ; and with gust as high as yours,
Dwell on yon splendid scene, that to mine eyes
Presents the royal Youth, and throned Pair,
Whose fortunes and whose honors hold my love
In equal poize with yours :—Yet, OBERON,
Whene'er you urg'd me to this welcome journey,
Your talk ne'er promis'd other Benison,
Save what comports with manhood—Conscious Dig-
nity



Soul ; and Glory, that laborious Virtue
 t win by sufferance, and preserve by toils,
 re as those which earn'd it : these you call'd
 erial Distinctions : these, you said,
 t give the Son a semblance of his Father :
 se dictated your destin'd gratulation.

OBERON.

Kings should wish for those who shall be Kings.


TITANIA.

Kings should wish ! — And therein OBERON
 h wish as should a King. — But why must OBERON
 are to his single and particular thought
 sum and standard of all princely blessedness ?
 o Kings should wish ! Have Queens no wishes then ?
 — but great OBERON saith, our several cares
 this same Prince, like our connubial loves,
 le one incorporate fondness. — Be it so —
 n should our cares be voiced severally,

Like our own loves, united, but distinct.
So grow their loves, whose Son hath brought us hith:
I grant he is a boy, a manly one :
I grant he hath a Father, whom to imitate
Will ask a strain of Spirit and Benevolence,
Expectance ne'er could warrant, till the fact
Pronounc'd it possible.—What then ?—Doth that
Annul my claim and proper privilege ?
Hath not the boy a Mother ? Yes.—And I,
A female as I am, have fram'd a wish,
May lure a mother's ear, as soon, perhaps,
As aught that scornful OBERON hath prepar'd,
Elbowing all humbler emulation.
To bear that wish I sent the very Sprite,
Whose presence moves thee so.

OBERON.

Alas ! thou rash one !
Thine ill-advised cunning, like a shaft
Drawn by an eager and unpractis'd hand,



Hath over-past its aim.—Now hear me, Lady.
Thou dost remember, when, upon a time,
We read together in the fairy court
The sacred book of mortal destiny.
There did I find th' eternal mandate written,
Which said a German fair, this very Queen,
A virgin princess then, should share and grace
The bed and sceptre of a British King,
Just new to manhood, tho' right well advanc'd
In kingly properties.—Thou dost not heed me !

TITANIA.

Most faithfully, my Lord.

OBERON.

Observing this
(For that thou knowest what part in our regard
Doth BRITAIN'S Court possess) I sped me straight
(Fraught with such fairy gifts, as best might fit
A damsel of her state, odours and charms,

That our still vagrant Elves in earth or air,
From flowers and dews extract) ev'n to the court
Where dwelt this chosen dame, and future Queen.
There, when I came, expecting to have found
A Lady busied in such tricks of fancy,
As young and blithesome beauties do delight in ;
Mark me, TITANIA, I did see a maid,
A very maid, pleading the cause of Nations,
Expostulating with a Sovereign warrior *,
To save a ravag'd country.—Canst thou think
An heart so early great, so exquisitely,
Tho' in a woman, will accept or heed,
In favour of her son, her eldest hope,
Thy gossip's talk, thy sugar'd lullaby,
Thy wish, that suits a common mother's ear ?
Away ! Away !

* THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

TITANIA.

'Tis well, my haughty Monarch.

BERON then to learn, that the best hearts,
 : most aspiring, and the bravest, cherish
 : comprehensive feelings? Little minds
 judge of great things, like the purblind goat,
 : it deems a fly, a monster. Nobler nature
 : compasses universal circumstance :
 : while they can create their own enjoyment,
 : pleasing occupation every where.
 : maid, that had a sigh for public sorrows,
 : happy, seeking to relieve those sorrows ;
 : being now a mother, will indulge,
 : tho' a gossip's lullaby excite it,
 : mother's ecstasy.—You, Sir, have seen her
 : ding the cause of nations.—I see, Sir,
 : have seen her ; I have seen her wear
 : robe of Majesty ; yet never see,
 : that she might descend to take our sorrows on.


All royalty preserv'd. We both have listen'd,
When midst the courtly bands, like one enraptur'd,
She hath enrich'd the gales with heaven-taught ha-
mony :

Yet dwelt such mildness on her brow the while,
Such meek complacence, as did seem to say,
She could have own'd a pleasure in approving
A milk-maid's madrigal !—We both have seen
Her comfort Lord, amidst the cares of millions,
Their homage, their applause, yearn to release
A death-doom'd felon's * forfeit !—surely then,
Where regal bosoms bear so bland affections,
TITANIA's talk as well may hope access,
As OBERON's benediction look for welcome.

OBERON.

No more, TITANIA :—Our contention
Doth trifle with occasion.—Thou, my Queen,
Shalt add thy wish to mine ; and let our Train
In general chorus, to the passing winds,

* TURBOT, son of TURBOT the Comedian.



Impart our high behests ; that Elves and Fays,
 Thro' all the airy regions OBERON fways,
 May pay due reverence, where their Sovereign pays. }

SONG with CHORUS.

OBERON.

TRUTH ! who dar'st that Light to try,
 Whose splendor mocks the eagle's eye ;
 HONOUR ! whose unchanging rays,
 Do foil the Diamond's stedfast blaze ;
 Teach the Prince to earn the fame,
 That sanctifies a Monarch's claim !

TITANIA.

Sweet CONTENT ! that lov'st to rest
 Pillow'd on the Cygnet's breast ;
 INNOCENCE ! whose maiden care
 Doth bleach for spring the snow-drop fair ;
 Smooth his way thro' all the pains,
 A Monarch for Mankind sustains !

OBERON.


JUSTICE ! who with dreadful pride
Athwart the Thunder-shaft doft glide ;
MERCY ! whose soft dew doth glow
Serene in Heav'n's high-tinged Bow ;
Teach the Prince to earn the fame,
That crowns his Briton Father's claim !

TITANIA.

Rose-hu'd HEALTH ! whose tresses shed
The fragrance lusty Morn hath spread ;
Playful MIRTH ! that oft doft ride
Upon the Lambkin's fleece astride ;
Smooth his way thro' all the pains,
His Father for Mankind sustains !

OBERON.

VIRTUE ! to reward his cares,
Let every Palm his Father wears,
At once inspire him and adorn




TITANIA.

LOVE! for him with all the store
Of virgin Charms his Mother bore,
Bedeck some Princess yet unborn!

GENERAL CHORUS.

UNION! PLENTY! JOY! and PEACE!
With his growing Years increafe!
GLORY! GRATITUDE! and PRAISE!
Bless him thro' the length of Days!



V E R S E S
O N
OCCASIONAL SUBJECTS.

poken at MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL, on the
Days of Public Examination.

Besides the Day of Election of Scholars to SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE in OXFORD, there are in every Year two other Public Examinations of MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL; at which the Master and Wardens of the COMPANY, with some other Members of the Court of Assistants, are present: and to them each of the eight Monitors addresses a Copy of Verses in Latin, and another in English. The Subjects are chosen by the Master of the School, and it has been customary to fix on one *general* Subject, including, or connected with, seven others.

The following Poems are selected from a much greater number, which the Author had written for those occasions.

THE LIBRARY.

WELL ! Contemplation ! grave, majestic Dame !
Hence, glad Science greets a Parent's name :
There is each art of speech, each rapturous strain :
Graces lead, the Virtues fill thy train !
From all of evil, life or dreads, or knows,
Real trifles, and it's fancied woes,
Lead thy Votary ! penfive, yet serene,
To some lone seat, thy favorite, hallow'd scene,—
Where his calm breast may every power employ ;
Self-born peace, and independent joy.
And see ! the Library my steps invites ;
Bright with true profit, and with pure delights ;


Calls to a feast, which elegance must love,
The man must relish, and the heart approve.

How awful is the Spot!—Each honour'd Name,
Each theme of modern praise, and early fame,
Bards, Statesmen, Sages, lov'd, rever'd, admir'd,
Whom Sense enlighten'd, and whom Glory fir'd,
Rise to my view, still sweet, still great, still bold,
Alive in power, and active as of old.

Yes! wasteful TIME! here, here, thy rage is vain!
Away! fond Boaster!—GENIUS scorns thy reign.

The Poet here, whom generous transport rais'd,
Survives coëval with the worth he prais'd.
If Deeds exalted gave his breast to glow,
Or Pity bade him sympathize with Woe;
If sweetly soft he chose the Lover's part;
Or Truth to Satire urg'd his honest heart;
His Verse still lives, his Sentiment still warms,
His Lyre still warbles; and his Wit still charms.

Here by the past to form the rising age,
The grave Historian spreads his ample page;



Whose faithful care preserves the Hero's fame,
Or damns to infamy the Traitor's name ;
Whose Records bid fair Virtue ever live ;
And share immortal, in the life they give.

Here the firm Patriot, on whose winning tongue,
The snow-soft dews of mild Persuasion hung,
Who knew to lead, inspirit, and controul
The ductile Passions,—and usurp the Soul ;
Still pleads, still rules ; now lively, now severe ;
Exalts the purpose ; or commands the tear.

Here the firm friends of Science and of Man,
Who taught new Arts, or open'd Nature's Plan ;
Who each improv'd, or drew from both combin'd,
Health to the Body, vigor to the Mind ;
Who bade Mankind to nobler aims arise,
More good, more just, more happy, or more wise ;
Shine, deathless, as the bliss their toil procur'd ;
While mem'ry pays the debt, desert ensur'd.

In such lov'd spot (if Fortune deign to smile)
Calm let *me* live, and every care beguile ;

Hold converse with the Great of every time,
The Learn'd of every class, the Good of every clime!
There better still, as wiser grow ; and there
('Tis just ambition, tho' 'tis hopeless prayer)
Still found, like them, on real worth my claim ;
And catch their Merit, to partake their Fame.

THE NURSERY.

FROM hopes and cares, whose serious influence leads
To more important thought, and graver deeds,
The Muse, (who seeks to lighten Life's sad load,
And strew with mingled flowers our dreary road,)
Calls you to pleasures, real, chaste, serene :—
O! spare a moment for so sweet a scene !
Calls you to trace with retrospective view,
The works your Childhood wrought, the joys it knew ;
From simple breasts, when harmless passions broke ;
When infant lisplings, nature's language spoke ;
When all the Soul unbias'd, free, sincere,
Glow'd in each smile, and gush'd in every tear.
See the dear spot, whose little bounds employ
The Girl's whole *taste*, the *business* of the Boy !

Her fluttering bosom, splendid trifles warm :
Each colour charms ; and change renews the charm.
Mark with what ecstacy her ceaseless care
Distributes beauties here, adapts them there :
While mix'd a thousand times, a thousand ways,
Rich tinsel beams, and glassy diamonds blaze :
Embrios of future fashions, to engage
More serious studies in maturer age ;
When equal cares, with equal power will reign,
Perhaps less innocent, perhaps more vain !

The Boy, meanwhile, whom other objects fire,
Fulfil in varied toils each new desire :
Now round and round the room with hasty strides,
On oaken steeds, a traveller he rides ;
Laborious now, his strength to climb he tries,
To heights unknown solicitous to rise :
Thron'd in a chair, looks down on things below,
A King—in thought, in spirit, and in show.

Perhaps, if powers of different influence sway,
Mechanic works employ his busy day :

Then fondly anxious to secure an home,
He meditates intent the future dome ;
Cards rear'd on cards, in gaudy rows ascend,
Till in a spire his little labours end.
But ah ! how oft, ere that glad point he gain,
Will fickle fortune make those labours vain !
How oft mere accident his rage provoke
To crush th' imperfect frame at one vindictive stroke !

Trifles like these, which breasts so pure employ,
'Tis joy to see, 'tis merit to enjoy !
Trifles like these, their purport if we scan,
Mark in the boy, the features of the man.

Watch then, ye Parents, with peculiar care,
What favourite toys engage the rising heir :
Learn thence what Virtues, happier than the rest,
Will grace his temper most, or please it best ;
On these your hopes, your schemes, your prospects raise ;
By these instruct, and try ; reprove, and praise :
These Sense will aid ; these Reason will improve ;
And what the Child has *felt*, the Man will *love*.

THE LEADING-STRING.

GUIDE of my wayward steps, when young desire
Caught the first spark of Emulation's fire,
(Whose genial power, enkindling as it ran,
Rais'd Life, to Sense, to Reason, and to Man,)
Still, still my soul in memory's inmost cell,
Where images most dear, most sacred dwell,
With willing gratitude retains, reveres,
Thy faithful service to my weakest years !
Oft as my thoughts recall those early days,
Thy gentle aid demands my warmest praise ;
By thee at once directed, and sustain'd,
Unhurt I rov'd, where countless dangers reign'd ;

Here else, each petty pebble had o'erthrown
A helpless wanderer, in a world unknown.
Beneath a thousand forms reflection shows
Combining perils, hardships, pains, and woes :
! baneful influence, every moment spread
A varied terrors o'er an infant's head ;
Thom still, alike unconscious, unalarm'd,
He plain invited, and the desert charm'd ;
Those heedless foot, with equal haste had trod
The fatal precipice, and flowery road ;
Who fondly rash, no other object knew,
Than what each changing trifle set to view ;—
'Tid of the present, fond of that which flies ;
Till prone to fall, and impotent to rise.

Ev'n now I tremble at th' affecting scene :—
—Be firm my Soul !—What can this transport mean ?
Hark ! on mine ear some sound more awful breaks !
—'Tis no illusion !—'tis the Muse that speaks.

“ My son !” she says, “ if thus, thine heart, aghast,
Starts at the little snares thy childhood past,

“ Think, think, what dangers wait thee now!—for

“ know

“ Thou art still an Infant, in a world of woe:—

“ Still in thy way, Vice, Vanity, Disgrace,

“ Spread the broad net, that will obstruct thy race;

“ Conceal the rock, that tempts with specious show

“ Thy foot, to plunge thee in th’ abyss below ;

“ Hasten thee ; prepare thee, for th’ unequal strife,

“ And take from me, the Leading-strings of Life.

“ Be Virtue first thy care, thy wish, thine aim ;

“ Her rules thy standard, her applause thy fame :

“ To her thy steps let fair Discretion lead ;

“ Let Truth inspire thy thought, and crown thy

“ deed ;

“ Let sage Experience guide thy hand and voice ;

“ Be slow to choose ; but constant in thy choice ;

“ To Mercy’s dictates open all thy breast :—

“ Be Good—and Heaven will teach thee to be Blest.”

THE CAT.

LET me beseech you, Sirs, forbear to blame—
I'm half afraid to tell my subject's name :
Men have averfions—some to this, some that ;—
Does any body here dislike a Cat ?—

—Pray let him speak, who hates the theme I try :
For not to mince the matter, so do I.
I've toil'd full fore for rhyme, and pump'd for sense :
One would not take such pains, to give offence.
—Well, Gentlemen, be free ;—condemn my part :—
I'll drop it for your sakes, with all my heart.
What ! mute ?—will no good creature take my hint ?
—Then you must take my verse—that's all that's
in't.

Fain would I here relate the Honours won
By Wight of old ycleped WHITTINGTON ;
How with his Cat, to distant lands he came ;
And fav'd—from vermin—Realms without a name ;
How LONDON City thrice beneath his sway,
Confirm'd the presage of that happy day,
When echoing bells their greeting thus begun,
“ Return, thrice Mayor ! Return, O WHITTING-
TON ! ”

—But themes like these, to loftier Bards belong ;
Too weak my voice, too simple is my song :
If things of humbler import grace my lays,
Enough for me the burthen, and the praise.

Oft at the social hearth my soul has hung,
Intently anxious, on the matron's tongue,
Whose fertile fancy, by tradition led,
In every object, Fate's dark purpose read ;
Much mystic lore of various use she knew ;
Why coals seem coffins, and why flames burn
blue.

But ne'er did sign so firm belief procure,
Not ev'n the winding-sheet was half so sure,
As when her Cat th' important omen gave,—
Alike significant, if gay or grave.
If with her tail Pufs play'd, in frolic mood,
Herself pursuing, by herself pursu'd,
See! cry'd my Nurse, she bids for rain prepare;
A storm, be sure, is gathering in the air:
If near the fire the kitten's back was found,
Frost was at hand, and snows hung hovering
round:

Her paw prophetic, rais'd above her ear,
Foretold a visit, for some friend was near.
Nor did the Cat the Dame *alone* employ;
Her Cat had something to engage her Boy.
How has my bosom beat; when stolen aside,
I facts the truth of strange reports I tried;
How thro' deep night her eyes' relucant rays;
And taught her fur with lambent fires to blaze!

“ Cease, Trifler, cease,” methinks I hear you
say,

“ From nursery legends, and from children’s
“ play :”

—’Tis just reproof—I feel it, and obey.

Yet let me tell you, vain as they appear,
These trifles pleas’d, when pleasure was sincere ;
To joys, in age unknown, they rais’d the breast,
Form’d all it’s cares, and bade those cares be blest.

THE EYE.

To say what wond'rous skill, what happy care,
Taught the bold Eye the blaze of day to bear,
Thro' fluid space with piercing ken to pry,
To measure earth, and comprehend the sky,
Is but to tell, what every moment shows,
That Heaven no bounds in power or bounty knows,
All-mighty, when it works; All-good, when it
bestows. }

This homage paid, forgive the vagrant Muse
If for her theme, some lighter dress she choose;
And clothe in sportive Fancy's wanton guise,
More trivial thoughts, from humbler hints that rise.

When vulgar gentry gather to a crowd,
Some all-intent, some jostling, and all loud,

You seek the cause, and wait for a reply ;
—'Tis ten to one they answer—" *Ask my Eye.*"
—You call this rude ; but call it what you will ;
Rude as it is, there's *meaning* in it still.

CLODIUS shall prove it :—CLODIUS looks
through,


Yet seems to look at every thing but you :
Is he insidious, mean, malignant, fly ?
What says the vulgar maxim ?—Ask his Eye.

When pert CORINNA darts from place to place,
Sinks with laborious ease, from grace to grace ;
Or calls forth glance by glance, and charm
charm ;

Does she *design* our bosoms to alarm ?—
Does she conclude, that all who gaze, must die ?—
Does pride inspire her purpose ?—Ask her Eye.

When the great Scholar, slow, precise, and slow
Mere human clock-work, speaks a word an hour ;
Does his grave silence modesty imply ?
Or is it scorn's dumb language ?—Ask his Eye.

the Flatterer swears, he lives upon your smile,
himself *yours*, and makes you *his* the while :
would you know, if what he speaks, he feels ?
his Eye will tell you, what his heart conceals.
the Miser's Heir bedecks the funeral show,
all the sad formalities of woe :
and the corpse himself a mourner creeps :—
is it grief, or is it joy—that weeps ?
alt his Eye ;—and there it will appear,
t hopes, what pleasures,—swim in every tear.
were endless work to prove, that thro' mankind,
speaking Eye proclaims the secret mind :
ld you the bad detect, the good descry ?
wife, 'tis virtuous toil :—examine,—try,—
where you will,—But never miss the Eye.



D I N N E R.

THE clock struck Four !—with solemn pace and flow,
A Bard, (Alas ! that Bards should suffer so !)
Hungry and hopeless, poor and pensive stray'd
Lingering, along the Mall's deserted shade :
From Park the crowd to smoaking roofs repair ;—
He feasts in Fresco, who must feast on air.

Yet, tho' stern fate substantial food deny'd,
Ideal viands fancy's power supply'd ;
On bak'd, roast, boil'd (while chance the changes
rung)

The Poet mus'd :—and as he mus'd, he sung.

“ Waft, warmly-fragrant, sweetly-savory gales,
“ Waft the rich fumes, each kitchen round exhales !

-
- “ I smell, I smell the reeking odours rise !
“ I see,—but Oh ! too soon the vision flies !
“ Why ! why ! ye transient forms, this barbarous
 “ haste ?
“ Ah ! stay ! Ah ! let me—let me—dream—I taste !
 “ Say, Virgin Muses ! (Ye can well divine)
“ Say who, this moment, on what dainties dine !
 “ Now at the Merchant’s board, from luscious
 “ streams
“ Of soup, the quivering fat of turtles steams ;
“ Drest by an art, no power of verse can tell ;
“ Hash’d, flash’d, flic’d, spic’d, carv’d, serv’d in it’s
 “ own shell.
“ Now beards wag all, where summon’d Counties
 “ meet,
“ And rival Squires, for England’s welfare—eat :
“ While hams and chins inspire th’ elector’s choice,
“ And fix the freeman’s right—to sell his voice.
 “ The napkin now it’s wonted station fills,
“ Beneath the sleek Church-warden’s rosy gills :
- .

-
- “ His eye devours the turbot to the bone ;
“ And ere he swallows, half the hunch is gone.
“ Now from the war of words, in peace withdraw
“ The coiled Counsel, learned in the law ;
“ O’er social chops they meet, beneath the rofe ;
“ And club as friends, the foe that made them foes ;
“ To Dinner, these with ardor take their way ;—
“ Their clients—with what appetite they may.
“ Now o’er a fingle chicken, *tête à tête*,
“ Two Sweethearts coo ; a turtle and his mate ;
“ Love all their converse, all their thought supplies,
“ And ev’n the fingle chick neglected lies :—
“ Oh ! couldst thou, Cupid, but transport me there,
“ What love disdains, might be the Poet’s share.
“ See the tithe-pig the Parson’s table grace ;
“ Nor grudge the tribute due, ye rustic race !
“ Tho’ thousand tithe-pigs every day procures,
“ The priest’s good luck, is but the tenth of yours.
“ Lo ! DOLLY’s now the rich rump steak affords !
“ Repast for Lords, and Mistresses of Lords !

-
- “ Yes, every street, and every house can boast
“ Some private manchets, or some public host !
“ Some public host, or private manchet fee,
“ For every hungry mortal—but for me !”

So rhym'd the Bard, with many a sigh between ;
When lo ! a Publisher came cross the Green !
They meet—they strike the bargain—and they bind;—
The Pamphlet-monger paid, the Poet din'd,—
Sold, as to Satan Witches were of yore,
To vilify the arts he lov'd before ;
With harpy screamings merit to pursue ;
And damn by wholesale in the next Review.

W A T E R.

IF right “*Αἰσρον ὕδωρ*” PINDAR sings,
 That simple Water is the best of things,—
 Would Water-Poets were the best of Bards !
 But oh ! that chance is not upon the cards !
 Vain were th’ attempt such logic to apply ;
 My verse would give my arguments the lie :—
 Yet what I can, I will :—Not he, whose lyre
 Leads on th’ AONIAN mount the Sister Choir,
 (Tho’ all th’ inspiring potions he explore
 From water up to nectar,) can do more.

From earth’s deep womb—for earth their store
 supplies—
 Thro’ countless pores the moist effluvia rise

Distinct below, where oozing strata shed
Drop after drop ; till from their humid bed
Th' emergent vapours steam ; and as they go,
Condense, incorporate, extend, and flow.
—Thanks, kind Philosophy ! whose lore profound
Thus helps me bring my Water above ground !
—Henceforth to trace it little will suffice,
Obvious to common sense, and common eyes.

If in the mental calm of joy serene,
I seek, thro' Fancy's aid, the sylvan scene,
There Water meets me, by the pebbled side
Of sedgy-fringed brooks, expanding wide
In dimpled eddies :—or with murmurs shrill
Running sweet unisons, where responsive still
In cadence meet, impending aspens hail
Heaven's mildest breath, soft quivering to the gale.

Too charming visions of intense delight !
Why ? whither vanish ye ?—Her eagle flight
Fancy renews : and full athwart mine eye
Throws an enormous Cataract :—from on high

In awful stillness deepening waters glide
Ev'n to the rude rock's ridge abrupt—then slide
Ponderous, down, down, the void ; and pitch below
In thunder.—Dash'd to foam, awhile they know
No certain current ;—'till again combin'd,
In boiling tides along the vales they wind.

O ! bear me hence, where Water's force displays
More useful energy ;—where classic praise
Adorns the names of chiefs long dead, who brought
Thro' channel'd rocks concentrating streams, and taught
One Aqueduct divided lands to lave,
And hostile realms to drink one common wave.

But soft—methinks some horrid sounds I hear !
What throbbing passion speaks ?—'Tis fear : 'tis fear.
—Water, where yonder Spout to Heaven ascends,
Rides in tremendous triumph ;—Ocean bends ;—
—And Ruin, raising high her baleful head,
Broods o'er the waste, the bursting Mass will spread.

Enough of wat'ry wonders :—all dismay'd
Ev'n Fancy starts, at forms herself hath made.

t them, whom terror can inspire, pursue
s too terrific :—I with humble view
unequal,—nor will e'er again
ter's *greater* works devote my strain ;
t to praise it, ~~when~~ with gentle sway,
: of rich increase, it winds it's way
he parch'd glebe ; or fills with influence bland,
p of temperance, in the peasant's hand.

F L O W E R S.

I.

UNEQUAL to my theme, with desperate feet
I fought the Muse's bower ;
Anxious to see, tho' all-asham'd to meet
Some bland, inspiring Power :
When fleet along the rising gale,
The Queen, fair FANCY past ;
And thro' her rainbow-tinged veil
A glance benignant cast :
Then beck'ning to a secret glade,
" Come, see," she cry'd, " the train,
" Who own, beneath this mystic shade,
" My visionary reign !"

II.

roud to obey the glad command,
took with silent awe my stand :—
Meanwhile, in many a varying vest
Of rich expression aptly drest,
Ideal Myriads seem'd to rove
Promiscuous, thro' the cultur'd grove :
And each, as inbred impulse led,
From every flow'r-embroider'd bed
Some certain Plant, whose blossoms rose
Significantly pleasing, chose.—

III.

With frank, firm look, and light tho' steady tread
Came COURAGE first, and crop'd a dew-charg'd
ROSE ;
Nor in the tender Rose might best be read
His very essence—Bloom that gently glows


Impell'd by gentle breath ; prone to dispense
To all, all sweetness ; yet alert to shew,
If rash invasion ruder deeds commence,
That warm resentment points a thorn below.

IV.

Retiring from the public eye,
The Maiden meek HUMILITY
Was seen to turn with mildest grace
To heav'n her thoughts, to earth her face ;
And all unconscious what fair fame
Merit like hers might well assume,
Prefer'd to every juster claim
The lowly DAISY's simple bloom.

V.

Some bawble each moment arranging,
Admiring, exploding, or changing,



The coquette **AFFECTATION** skim'd wantonly by ;
In her breast a **NARCISSUS** she bore,
As if with **Narcissus** of yore,
For a form like her own she could languish and die.

VI.

Heedless of the scorner's joke,
Smiling at the ruffian's stroke,
Persevering **PATIENCE** stood ;
Conquering evil still with good ;
Binding for her brow the while
Artless wreaths of **CAMOMILE** ;
Hardy plant, whose vigorous shoot
Springs beneath the trampler's foot.

VII.

Are **CONSTANT LOVE**, (whose hallow'd fires
Time still exalts, and truth inspires,

In spite of absence, grief, or pain,)
 Approv'd the faithful MARIGOLD,
 Whose leaves their saffron blaze unfold,
 When first the sun asserts his reign ;
 Hail his glad progress thro' the day,
 Close gradual with his parting ray,
 Nor open, 'till he shines again.

VIII.

SUPERSTITION came telling her steps, and her beads ;
 Like Jack-in-a-bush hung all over with green,
 AGNUS-CASTUS by wholesale she cull'd from the
 meads,
 And stuck with due care HOLY THISTLE between ;
 A chaplet of MONKS-HOOD she pluck'd for her head,
 And ROSEMARY sprigs for the graves of the dead.

IX.

Tiptoe o'er the level plain
Ardent HOPE all panting flew,
Prompt her eager eye to strain,
Far beyond the present view :
Quick from hint to hint to stray,
She the PRIMROSE held most dear ;—
First-born of returning May ;
Promise of the future year.

X.

ILL-NATURE to a corner stole,
And taught her blood-shot eyes to roll,
As if she long'd to blight
Each flower of happier scent and hue ;
For none she chose of all that grew,
Save poisonous ACONITE.

XI.

Hand in hand, for they never afunder are feen,
All cheerful their features, all eafy their mien,
CONTENTMENT and INNOCENCE tript it along :
By the foft virgin SNOWDROP was INNOCENCE known,
CONTENTMENT took HEARTS-EASE, and call'd it her
own ;
Nor envied the great, nor the gay in the throng.

XII.

The throng !—juft hint to wild conceit like mine !—
Why, what a wreath had I begun to twine !
—Indulgent as ſhe was, methinks I hear
Ev'n Fancy's ſelf now whisper in my ear,
“ Quit, ere 'tis tedious, quit the flowery road,
“ Nor what was meant a Noſegay, make a Load.”

S H R U B S.



ONCE on this Earth of ours, for change of air,
OVE and his WIFE, like any mortal pair,
troll'd thro' a wood :—my book records not where. }

MADAM, who scarce would condescend to prove,
elow the sky, more patient than above,
rush'd as she past, th' encumb'ring boughs aside,
'ith many a pout, and many a pish !—and cry'd ;
Shall cedars, JOVE, and pines alone provoke
Thy triple shaft's inevitable stroke ;
While in my way these shrubs their branches thrust ?
Is it thy scorn of them, or me, they trust ?
For once, at least, to my request attend ;
And let thy bolts on this vile spot descend."

THE THUNDERER smil'd assent :—his arm was
rear'd ;

When lo ! DIANA from the copse appear'd :
Heard angry JUNO's plaint, and JOVE's behest ;—
And thus with homage due the [vengeful Powers
address :

“ Ere yet that flaming terror quit thy hand,
“ And ample ruin wing the fatal brand,
“ Change, cloud-compelling KING, thy stern decree ;
“ Relenting JUNO shall approve my plea :—
“ Not that to me (tho' noble were the claim)
“ These sheltering shrubs present perpetual game ;
“ But that they stand with happier gifts supply'd,
“ To mental power, and social skill ally'd.”

¶ She spoke, and wav'd her spear.—An airy throng
Rose instant into form, and glanc'd along.

First, from a *Laurel's* shade, whose foliage bound
Her elevated brow, came GENIUS.—Round
She threw the penetrating eye, that strays
Past all existence ; while a thousand ways

She funders, joins, contracts, extends, at will,
ACTUAL and POSSIBLE ; imparting still
To thought-engender'd essence,—feature, place,
Dimension, operation, life, and grace.

With sturdy step, and arm of finewy length,
Came RURAL INDUSTRY : His cunning strength
Stript, as they rose in many a supple shoot,
The sapling *Ofiers* from the knotted root :
Then wove for various use, with various care,
The good-wife's basket for her market-ware ;
The cudgel's hilt ; the wicker net, that holds
The river's straggling fry ; the fence that guards the
folds.

In yellow *Box*, MECHANIC SKILL display'd
Infinite versatility :—it made
The forceful skrew ; it turn'd the pulley's wheel ;
It bade the top in mazy circles reel ;
It form'd the shuttle ; and with happiest thought
The needful comb for Beauty's tresses wrought.

Cool SELF-DEFENCE, to prove her practice right,
Help up a *Bramble's* prickly stem to fight ;

1

That winds innoxious o'er its native ground,
But gives, when most oppress'd, the deepest wound.

Fair DELICACY cropt the *Jasmine* bower,
To crown connubial Love's endearing power ;
Whose sweetly placid brow might best assume
So soft a verdure, and so pure a bloom.

From every shrub the devious thicket knows,
The *Hazle*, prankful RECREATION chose :
Plain hint, that sport some object should pursue ;
And pleasure frolic, with a nut—in view.

Meanwhile the frown relax'd on JUNO's face,
And mild complacence follow'd in its place ;
DIANA's skill the wrathful Queen appears'd :—
And JOVE (right glad to see his consort pleas'd)
Returning slept upon his golden bed,
Without a curtain-lecture in his head :—
Or, if a spice of HOMER'S GREEK will cheer ye,

"Εἶθ' αὖ καὶ τοῦ ἀναβὰς παρὰ δὲ, χρυσόθρονος ἦεν *.

* Iliad. Lib. i. V. ult.—611.

THE BRAMBLE.

WHILE Wits thro' Fiction's regions ramble,—
While Bards for fame or profit scramble;—
While PEGASUS can trot, or amble;—
Come what may come,—I'll sing the BRAMBLE.

“How now!”—methinks I hear you say:—
“Why? What is Rhyme run mad to-day?”
—No, Sirs, mine's but a sudden gambol;
My Muse hung hamper'd in a Bramble.

But soft! no more of this wild stuff!
Once for a frolic is enough;—
So help us Rhyme, at future need,
As we in soberer style proceed.

All subjects of nice disquisition,
Admit two modes of definition:

For every thing two sides has got,—
What *is* it?—and what is it *not*?

Both methods, for exactness sake,
We with our Bramble mean to take :
And by your leave, will first discuss
It's negative good parts,—as thus.—

A Bramble will not, like a Rose,
To prick your fingers, tempt your nose ;
Whene'er it wounds, the fault's your own,—
Let that, and that lets you, alone.

You shut your Myrtles for a time up ;
Your Jasmine wants a wall to climb up ;
But Bramble, in its humbler station,
Nor weather heeds, nor situation ;
No season is too wet, or dry for't,
No ditch too low, no hedge too high for't.

Some praise, and that with reason too,
The Honeyfuckle's scent and hue ;
But sudden storms, or sure decay,
Sweep, with it's bloom, it's charms away :

The sturdy Bramble's coarser flower
Maintains it's post, come blast, come shower ;
And when time crops it, time subdues
No charms ;—for it has none to lose.

Spite of your skill, and care, and cost,
Your nobler shrubs are often lost ;
But Brambles, where they once get footing,
From age to age continue shooting ;
Ask no attention, nor forecasting ;
Not ever-*green* ; but ever-*lasting*.


Some shrubs intestine hatred cherish,
And plac'd too near each other, perish ;
Bramble indulges no such whim ;
All neighbours are alike to him ;
No stump so scrubby, but he'll grace it ;
No crab so sour, but he'll embrace it.

Such, and so various negative merits,
The Bramble from it's birth inherits :—
Take we it's positive virtues next ;
For so at first we split our text.

The more Repentment tugs and kicks,
The cloſer ſtill the Bramble ſticks ;
Yet gently handled, quits it's hold ;
Like heroes of true BRITISH mould :
Nothing ſo touchy, when they're teas'd,—
No touchineſs ſo ſoon appeas'd.

Full in your view, and next your hand,
The Bramble's homely berries ſtand :
Eat as you liſt,—none calls you glutton ;
Forbear,—it matters not a button.
And is not, pray, this very quality
Th' eſſence of true Hoſpitality ?
When frank ſimplicity and ſenſe
Make no parade, take no offence ;
Such as it is, ſet forth their beſt,
And let the welcome—add the reſt.

The Bramble's ſhoot, tho' Fortune lay
Point-blank obſtructions in it's way,
For no obſtructions will give out ;
Climbs up, creeps under, winds about ;



Like valour, that can suffer, die,
Do any thing,—but yield, or fly.

While Brambles hints like these can start,
Am I to blame to take their part ?
No—let who will, affect to scorn 'em,
My Muse shall glory to adorn 'em ;
For as *Rhyme* did, in my preamble,
So *Reason* now cries, “ BRAVO ! BRAMBLE ! ”


THE BEETLE.

To all things, that are, or have been, or shall be,
Of whatever materials, or form or degree,
Belong (if Logicians have told us no stories,)
Ten—here's a nice word for you!—ten CATEGORIES
And to shew you at once the great depth of
knowledge,

I'll tell you what names people give them at College
One, SUBSTANCE; two, QUANTITY; QUALITY, three
RELATION makes four; five—five?—let me see—
Five, ACTION; six, PASSION; seven, WHERE; eight,
WHEN:

Then nine, SITUATION; and HABIT, just ten:—
And this, I suppose, is the very first time,
That these same CATEGORIES, were stuck into rhyme

Now if *all* things, to these have a title confess,
My BEETLE may plead it, as well as the rest;



r would he his claim (for why should he!)
withhold,
io' the ten were augmented to ten times tenfold.
First then as to SUBSTANCE, he's body and bone,
an hundred and fifty varieties known ;
t all of one genus ; and all of one kin ;
nd like other plain people, he lives in his skin.
He has QUANTITY too, tho' it differ in figure ;
r in EUROPE 'tis less, in AMERICA, bigger :
t with bigger or less, I'll not trouble my head ;
's as large as he need be,—and that's enough said.
As to QUALITY, he's a mere half-and-half-arian,
th one property here, and there a contrary one :
w a reptile he creeps, now a volatile flies ;
w skulks from your sight ; now comes bounce in
your eyes ;
's drowsy by day ; and if vigils he keep,
s at night ; when most animals else go to sleep :
senses he has, they 're imperfect at most ;
is more than half blind ; and he cannot smell post ;

HÉ's stupid, and muzzy, and dull as a board ;
And he hums such a bafe, as no fnorer e'er fnor'd.
Then a necklace of Beetles, fo PLINY affirms,—
As I tell you my author, I fpeak in bold terms—
Will charm away mifchief from children who
bear it :—

Let who likes it, believe ; who believes, let him wear it.

The extremes of his various RELATIONS are odd :
By EGYPTIANS of old he was held for a God ;
But boys among us, in language uncivil,
Style him (faving your prefence) “ Coach-horfe to the
“ Devil.”

His ACTION and PASSION, one fact will declare ;
For when he comes buzzing along in mid-air,
(With fo headlong a flight, and with eye-fight fo dim)
If he hurts my hard head, — my hard head muft hurt
him.

As to PLACE, if in public he cannot be found,
You may meet him, half-fmother'd with duft under
ground.

On the subject of TIME, three short words will suffice,—

In spring he comes forth ; and in winter he dies ;
But die when he will, we 've no reason to fear ;
There 'll be Beetles enough to succeed him next year.

His whole SITUATION, as far as we see,
Is a sort-of-a-kind of a riddle-me-ree.
He's an I by itself I, that stands rank'd with no peers :
As nobody loves him, so nobody fears ;
And it seems his chief aim, tho' he fly, or he creep,
Just to sleep out his life, and to live out his sleep.

His HABIT (and please you) is ever coal-black ;
And he carries two case-harden'd shells on his back,
Which cover his wings, and improve (we surmise)
The delectable music, he makes, when he flies.

And thus, in compliance with system and rules,
My theme I've defin'd, in the mode of the Schools ;
If that mode be absurd, let the learned look to't :
For here ends my Logic, and ditty to boot.

N O O N.

GENTLEMEN of the Session round,
With reverence and respect profound,
I on the spot, before you, here,
Counsel for plaintiff Noon appear ;—
For why ?—Said Noon in sundry cases,
Things, matters, premises, and places,
(As per Instructions in my brief)
Stands much aggriev'd ; and craves relief.

My client, Gentlemen, refers
To clouds of evidence ;—and avers
That MORN and AFTERNOON combining,
Plotting, contriving, and designing,
By covert guile, and overt act,
(*Contra statum provis' et fact'*)

From his undoubted claim and right,
Have partly, and would oust him quite,
Cancel all proofs of his identity,
And make him a downright non-entity ;
Scarce to be found by search or trial,
Save on the surface of a dial :
For this he owns, and owns with pride,
Hurt as he is by all beside,
Spite of ill-luck, spite of ill-will,
His friend the SUN—sticks by him still.

The special *damage* he sustains,
Thus with submission Noon explains.

Time was (he warrants me to say)
When people rose, because 'twas Day ;
Rising so soon, they *dreft* as soon ;
And all the World was gay by Noon
Whose presence two-fold lustre threw ;
Nature's meridian, and Day's too.
Think, then, how Noon held up his head !
—But oh ! that golden age is fled !

Th' intruder MORN, too near allied
To luxury, indolence, and pride,
By such encroachments has crept on,
That NOON is fairly past and gone,
And westward far, his journey takes,
Ere half the *modern* World awakes :
Whereby he mourns his honour lost,
His joy abridg'd, his influence crost ;
And fears, among politer folk,
(Should fashion carry on the joke)
His very name may soon be hilt hence,
As much a *bore*, as his existence.

So close his neighbour MORNING shaves !
Now mark how AFTERNOON behaves !—

In palace, college, hall, of yore,
Bounce went at Noon the buttery door ;
The mutton-bell the guests convok'd ;
His rosy gills the chaplain strok'd ;
All stomachs, and all spirits up ;
They slic'd, they laugh'd ; they smack'd the cup ;

hen with new glee, new toils begun ;
nd seem'd to live two days in one.
ew, appetite at four, at five,
t fix, is scarcely scarce alive ;
nd AFTERNOON usurps the place,
hich NOON once held with twice the grace,
et let not AFTERNOON presume ;—
imself may meet an equal doom ;
o modish whim, perforce may yield,
nd quit, ere dinner-time, the field ;
io' past the hour, when stretch'd for rest,
ir fires were in their night-caps drest-
his by the bye.)—Poor NOON meanwhile,
outed by taste, and ton, and style,
arce sees a dinner in a year,
ve where day-labourers club for beer ;
gypsies stolen fuel store,
cook the mefs—they stole before.
Here NOON aforefaid ends his charge ;
nd hopes he need not now enlarge

On merits held, agreed, and known,
Time immemorial, for his own—
—If haply in life's earlier day,
He gave you many an hour of play,
If e'er intenser rays he shoot,
Ripening your grain, mellowing your fruit,
If oft, in winter's dire extreme,
He treats you with a casual gleam;
And tho' oblique, and tho' opprest,
Faint as he shines, yet shines his best;
Hear and redress a case so hard!
—He'll not demur from your award;
But sure of candor and support,
Rest on the JUDGMENT of the COURT.

THE EASY CHAIR.

ASTRONOMERS, I know not why,
At pleasure parcel out the sky ;
As if the whole ethereal way
Were theirs for ever and for aye ;
And all the stars the heavens unfold,
But the mere stock of their free-hold.

Befide the lion, bull, and bear,
Some *ladies* in their favour share ;
And one, with special kindness treated,
Is in a blaze of radiance seated :
Consult your globe, you'll find her there ;
CASSIOPE, and eke her Chair !—
“ Is it an Easy Chair ? ” you'll say ;
We'll settle that some future day.

'Tis doubtless (to cut short all pother)
The easiest there—for there's no other.
—No other?—Then have I, 'tis clear,
No other business with the sphere :
Quit, Muse, the polar heights, and try
What Terra-firma will supply.

On most occasions here below,
Two old opponents, Aye, and No,
Like man and wife in couples go :
Ev'n so the Easy-Chair displays
Some ground for satire, some for praise ;
And tho' on neither side I'm fee'd,
On both sides, with your leave, I'll plead.

First then for satire !—Do you seek
For hallow'd Ignorance, gross, and sleek ?—
Where drones, by name of Monks, repair,
To yawn out psalms, and snore out pray'r,—
She mounts an Abbot's Easy-Chair.

See ! where poor Indolence reclines !
Lolls, tumbles, stretches, sprawls, and pines !

Life has no pain, like that she feels :
A thousand racks, a thousand wheels,
In shape of Easy-Chairs, pursue
The wretch—who knows not what to do.

But let us turn the tables here ;
And see what hints for praise appear.

Imprimis then, Disease will own
An Easy Chair excels a throne.

Give philosophical Conceit
Free leave to take the Störner's seat :
But Wisdom will prefer, elsewhere,
Contentment, and an Easy Chair.

Ambition shakes the world sometimes,
As upward to her wish she climbs ;
While every step she gains, declares
A Chair of State, a chair of cares :—
Let her, and welcome, take her choice ;
Let me with simple mirth rejoice :
Mirth knows *no* care, except providing
An Easy Chair—to shake her side in.

The gravest moralists, one and all,
Old age a second childhood call;
For which this Easy Chair of mine,
A second cradle, I define.—
—To lull us in that last retreat
Speak, gentle Peace, thy tidings sweet!
Each pang may resignation sooth!
And Conscience lay our pillow smooth!
While Hope, her eye to Heav'n address,
Enwraps us in her friendly vest,
And rocks us to Eternal Rest!

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IMAGINARY PERSONAGES.

THE PASSIONS once, in frolic pastime gay,
told FANCY'S Magic-Lantern for a day :
And each, in order, it's effect essay'd,
In some new Phantom, which herself portray'd.
Fierce ANGER first her hasty hand apply'd,
And sketch'd an earth-born Giant's towering pride :
Fast was his strength, and terrible his nod ;
He spoke in thunder, and on storms he rode ;
He mow'd down armies, and he kick'd down thrones ;
And infants call him still, Raw-head-and-Bloody-
Bones.

VALOUR, of glorious hazard only proud,
Drew Dragons hissing from the bursting cloud ;

Sorcerers, whose spells could wrathful warriors tame;
And wedge in rifted rocks the captive dame;
Till happier Hardihead th' enchantment broke;
And magic adamant dissolv'd in smoke.

FEAR's trembling pencil group'd a Goblin crew,
Ghosts clattering chains, around the church-yard
yew;

Forms, without heads, that crost the midnight ways;
Heads, without limbs, where saucer eye-balls blaze;
And Shapes grotesque, down eve's grey shade that
slide,—

And buzzing, grinning, chattering, screaming, glide.

To her succeeded HOPE, intent to trace

A friendly Wizard's comfortable face,—

The reverend Merlin of a former age,—

Unconquerably just, benignly sage.

Low o'er his breast a milk-white beard was spread;—

Aw'd by his wand the Powers of Mischief fled;

Till—every peril past—sure triumph grac'd

The brave; and happy wedlock crown'd the chaste.

A scene far different wild DESPAIR employ'd ;
ries, whose whips clafh thro' the darkfome void ;
mons with forks of fire, and breaths of flame,
at howl revenge, and chuckle at our shame,—
ack guilty misery's moft alarming hour,—
ad to the rage of malice, add the power.
MIRTH then difplay'd a jocund troop to view ;
im Fairies, frifking on the twilight dew ;
untaftic Will-a-wifps thro' bufh and brier,
hat lur'd the ftaring clown, and fous'd him in the mire ;
nd fire-proof Elves, that round the caldron fquat,
nd burn the houfewife's dumplin to the pot.
Then SUPERSTITION came, her Sprites to fhew,
hat make the maffiff's yell, the note of woe ;
at melancholy's window flap their wings,
a concert with the dirge the raven fings ;
'er Nature's face a veil of omens fpread,—
mplex the living, and belie the dead.
ENVY's shrunk finger next th' occafion caught ;
nd fcratch'd the hideous image of her thought ;

A scraggy Witch, on broom-stick hors'd for flight;
Equipp'd with all th' artillery of spite;
Mildews and blights, to blast the forward grain;
Philtres t' intoxicate the mad'ning brain;
Prayers mumbled backwards, discord to promote;
And crooked pins, to rend the sufferer's throat.

Love still remain'd—but lo! while she prepares
Her little family of Joys and Cares,
FANCY herself surpris'd the wanton train,
Reclaim'd her Lantern,—and resum'd her reign;
Seiz'd on the spot, the visionary scroll,
And then to GENIUS gave the motley whole.

GENIUS, sublime with taste, correct with ease,
Alternate soften'd those, and heighten'd these;
From features rude, and parts of monstrous size,
Bade mystic sense, and moral beauty rise;
Engag'd Tradition on the side of Truth;
And made the Tale of Age—the Oracle of Youth.

THE BOOK.

WHEN from our Master's hand this theme I took,
Rhyme, *volens volens*, coupled it with—Cook :
And tho' the wise say, second thoughts are best,
My first, with your good leave, shall stand the test ;
The Cook shall matter for the Book prepare,
And turn my Catalogue to a Bill of Fare :
Nor frown, if puns, more thick than proofs, are
laid ;


So *our* poetic Force-meat *must* be made.

The Folio Volume's ample bulk supplies
A literary Dish, of larger size.
—In EPIC Verse, when skill and genius meet ;
Tis vast *Sir-loin*, an universal treat.

Solid, tho' favory, flows th' HISTORIC Strain;
Like the *boil'd Buttock*—cut and come again.
ENCYCLOPEDIAS—art's whole scope include;
And set before you science *barbicued* ;—
Where, as your stomach serves, your mefs you
measure,

And choose your *Joint*, and cut your *slice* at
pleasure.

FATHERS and CANONISTS are tough, dry food;
Mere learned *Stock-fish*, neither bad nor good.
LAW CODES from time a *musty* sanction get;
As *Venison* takes it's flavour from *fumette*.
Words under words, in rows succeeding rows,
The DICTIONARY'S column'd leaf compose;
And, stand in culinary style exprest,
Like *Bacon* on a *larded Turkey's* breast.
Long-winded SCHOLIASTS, in th' enormous page,
Haſh up the dulneſs of a former age;
Or the vaſt vaſe with *Water-fouchy* fill,
And make infipid, more infipid ſtill:



While CRITICS, that in sounder sense excel,
 Like *Smelts* round *Salmon*—grace the dish they swell.
 So much for Folios —Smaller Books appear,
 Tho' less substantial, yet more various cheer.
 —ABRIDGMENTS give an Author's works in brief;
 As Cooks to *Jelly* stew down shins of beef.
 The cloth for *Turtle*, hack TRANSLATORS spread;
 Then serve up *Goose's Gibblets*, or *Calve's Head*.
 REVIEWS and MAGAZINES odd scraps retail;
 True *Salmagundi* stuff, *sour*, *salt*, *fresh*, *stale*.
 SATIRE is *pepper'd Gizzard grill'd* in taste.
 And what are MODERN ESSAYS, but *puff-paste*?
 COMEDY's *Soup-maigre*, from a *French Tureen*:
 And TRAGEDY, the *BLACK pudding* of the scene.
 What's MODISH ELOQUENCE?—*Whipt-cream*, for
 footh,
Froth'd up and *sugar'd*, to the vulgar tooth.
 ITATE LOGIC's *Chicken-Broth*, so thin, so weak!
 And OPPOSITION POLITICS—*Bubble-and-squeak*!

LOVE—POETRY'S *Pap-sauce*, soft, simple, sweet :
And POPULAR THEOLOGY, *minc'd-meat*.

SCRIBBLERS, from hand to mouth, who write and
live,

In weekly NUMBERS, mental *Spoon-meat* give.

Alamode Collops—MISCELLANIES club :

And NOVELS—sentimental *Syllabub*.

Not *Books* alone from Viands take their cue,
Even *Bindings* have a spice of Cookery too.

SHEETS into *Skin*, like *Sausages* are thrust :

GILDING is *Garnish*; PASTEBOARD is *rais'd crust*.

Some frivolous gentry of the present day,
In *Alphabetic Buckles* shine away :

But language needs not fashion's flimsy aid ;

It's elemental base is deeper laid

Your children living, and your grandfires dead,
Lov'd, while they thumb'd, and *tasted* as they
read—

The HORN-BOOK's best edition—*Gingerbread*.

Thus Books are intellectual Aliment; dress
For every appetite of every guest :—
Or, if a various reading you can swallow,
‘ *Scripta* * Palati nunc, *quæcunque recepit* APOLLO.”

* *Scripta*, PALATINUS quæcunque recepit APOLLO.


HORAT. Ep. 3. L. 1.

THE FAMILY FIRE-SIDE.

"HOME's Home, however homely," Wisdom says—
And certain is the fact, tho' coarse the phrase.—
To prove it, if it need a proof at all,
Mark what a train attends the Muse's call ;
And as she leads th' ideal group along,
Let your own feelings realize the song.

Clear then the stage !—No scenery we require,
Save the snug circle, round her Parlour Fire :—
And enter, marshall'd in procession fair,
Each happier Influence, that predominates *there*.

First Love, by friendship mellow'd into bliss,
Lights the glad glow, and sanctifies the kiss,
When fondly welcom'd to the accustom'd seat,
In sweet complacence Wife and Husband meet ;



look mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,
 repose from labours, but unite in care.

AMBITION—does Ambition there reside?
 es!—when the Boy, in manly mood, astride,
 of headstrong prowess innocently vain,
 anters, the jockey of his Father's cane.

-While **EMULATION**, in the Daughter's heart,
 ears a more mild, tho' not less powerful part;
 With zeal to shine her fluttering bosom warms;
 and in the romp, the future house-wife forms.

Or both, perchance, to graver sport incline,
 and **ART** and **GENIUS** in their pastime join;
 'his the cramp riddle's puzzling knot invents;
 'bat rears aloft the card-built tenements.

Think how Joy animates, intense, tho' meek,
 he fading roses on their Grandame's cheek;
 Then proud the frolic progeny to survey,
 he feels, and owns, an interest in their play;
 adopts each wish, their wayward whims unfold;
 nd tells, at every call, the story ten-times told.

Good-humour'd DIGNITY endears, meanwhile,
 The narrative Grandfire's venerable style,
 If, haply, feats achiev'd in prime of youth,
 Or pristine anecdote, or historic truth,
 Or maxim shrewd, or admonition bland,
 Affectionate attention's ear command.

To such Society, so form'd, so blest,
 TIME, THOUGHT, REMEMBRANCE, all impart a zest :
 And EXPECTATION, day by day, more bright,
 Round every prospect throws increasing light :
 The simplest comforts act with strongest force ;
 Whate'er can give them, can improve, of course.

All this is *Common-Place*, you'll tell me—true !
 What pity 'tis not COMMON FASHION too !—
 Roam as we will, plain sense, at last, will find,
 'Tis only seeking—*what we left behind*.
 —If *Individual Good* engage our hope,
 DOMESTIC VIRTUES give the largest scope ;
 If plans of *Public Eminence* we trace,
 DOMESTIC VIRTUES are it's surest base.—

Would great example make these truths more clear ?
The greatest of examples shall appear.

—Is there a MAN, whom general suffrage owns
An Honor to the Majesty of Thrones ?

—Is there a Man, whom general Love's acclaim
Greets with each noblest, and each dearest name ?—
He, midst the Glare of State, and Pomp of Power,
Courts the soft sympathies of the Family Hour ;
Not less illustrious at his own Fire-side,
By private Merit's Sterling standard try'd,
Than, when the cares from Royal Worth that spring,
Call forth the PEOPLE'S FATHER, and the KING.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.

COME, FANCY ! come ! and bring with thee
The cottage Nymph SIMPLICITY !
And as thou try'st thy pencil bold,
Let her, Decorum's compass hold !
While in one piece correctly sweet,
Expression and propriety meet.

But what one piece, ye friendly Pair,
Your union's joint effect shall share ?
For me, if ye vouchsafe your skill,
The canvas let a Landscape fill.

Let Nature in the foremost ground
Disperse her varied scenery round :
Rear, gently bending to the breeze,
In casual group her loftier trees ;

Whose crossing trunks bedim the glade,
Spontaneous arch of needful shade ;
While from their outward foliage, gleam
The fleet tints of day's passing beam.

Let next in order due succeed
The mingled hues of vale and mead ;
The road in devious windings wrought ;
Now lost, and now at distance caught ;
Whose broken track directs us still
To some brisk streamlet's glassy rill ;
Whence lessening in progressive guise,
Long levels stretch, abrupt rocks rise ;
'Till Light's last line the view complete ;
And woods, skies, plains, and mountains meet.

Let, full to sight, a thatch-clad dome
Give humble Honesty an home ;
At whose low door, with house-wife zeal,
Unconscious beauty twirls her wheel ;
Whose chimney, peeping o'er the roof,
Speaks economic welcome's proof ;

I R O N Y.

"BOTTLED ale" (if a popular phrase I may quote)
"Will smile in your face, while 'tis cutting your
"throat."—

And Irony's trim, I presume, you'll agree,
Is as like bottled ale, as a pea's like a pea.
For it means you most harm, when it speaks you most
kind ;

All affection before, and all mischief behind.

When you use a blunt razor, 'tis twenty to one,
That you scarce touch your chin, till you see the blood
run :

But a razor, that's keen, plays so smoothly it's part,
You perceive not the cut, 'till convinc'd by the smart;
And in matters of speech, as the learned alledge,
So keen, and so smooth, should be Irony's edge.

When a painter, with judgment his colours has laid,
 He heightens the light, and light deepens the
 shade:

As contrasts in picture, so contrasts in wit,
 Mutual advantage impart, and admit ;
 As in Irony's case, with reciprocal power,
 It makes sweetness more sweet, sweet makes sour-
 ness more sour.

Your strolling cake-merchant will oftentimes put
 In his basket a viand, yclep'd a game-nut ;
 Which seeming to promise a gingerbread treat,
 Its tempting appearance invites you to eat ;
 The moment your teeth touch the treacherous
 frame,

With pepper's strong caustic, your mouth in a
 flame :

As a game-nut in language is Irony's smile,
 Insinuating air, and its soft soothing style ;
 So its real effect, when the whole you discern,
 Like pepper to bite, like a caustic to burn.

In the marshes and moor-lands, the sportsmen
employ

A renegade duck, which they call a decoy ;
Who in tone so alluring repeats his " quack, quack,"
That his brethren flock round him, duck over duck's
back ;

Nor perceive, 'till too far for retreating they get,
That they 're thrusting their heads within sweep of a
net :

So like to this treason is Irony's tale,
You can hardly say which has the turn of the scale ;
Both the very same game on credulity play ;
Both are artful to please ; and both please, to betray !

A bear, when an hive, in his rambles, he meets,
Sticks, without fear or wit, his rude nose in the sweets ;
But finds bees can be angry, as bears can be stout ;
And sneaks off, with an hundred sharp stings in his
snout :—

Remember this bear ; and when Irony brings
Her honied address, be aware of her stings.

ut perhaps all this while 'twill be laid to my
charge,

ut on Irony's worst part alone, I enlarge :
ill be said, that on truth's side it often has stood,
d by contrasted falsehood, made virtue's cause good ;
at a fiction may strike, where no proof would suc-
ceed ;—

acknowledge the fact ;—but lament for the need :
sure, Irony's aid might be laid on the shelf,
ld Truth always be heard, when it speaks for itself.

THE VOCATIVE CASE.

AmoNG *these Cases*—and the brags of each,
Mine claims no kin, but to one Part of Speech;
And e'en that *one* implies no grand connection,
The least of all the Eight—the Interjection.
Nay, to let down its consequence still more low,
The least of Words,—the least of Syllables—O!
—However my proud neighbours may aspire,
The Vocative Case can only suit a Crier!—
Well! I submit—and since 'tis come to this,
A Crier I will be :—O! Yes!—O! Yes!
The Men and Manners of our modern day,
Will give my little O! abundant play.

To you, ye great, then,—and to you, ye small,
In *vocative* construction, thus I call !

O ! Yes ! Ye offspring of illustrious fires !
Whose lives *should* sanction, what your birth
requires,

At higher estimates lineal honours set ;
Nor sacrifice nobility—to a bet !

O ! Yes ! Ye dames, whom courtly splendours
grace,

Conforts and dowagers of each titled race,
Thro' pleasure's restless circles while ye roam,
Think, now and then, of Duty—Nature—Home !

O ! Yes ! Ye politicians, who declare
The fate of nations, from an easy chair,
On social service, your address employ !
And join to earn the blessings you enjoy !

O ! Yes ! Ye mushrooms of Philosophy's school,
Who torture right by metaphysic rule,
Move not the base, where truth so long has stood ;
But let plain sense, lead plain men, to plain good !

O! Yes! Ye painful triflers, who explore
On a moth's wing, a spot unseen before,
Transfer your toils, your own distinctions scan;
And study manhood's worthiest object—Man!

O! Yes! Ye manufacturers of despair,
Who like curst curs, growl o'er the mews ye share,
Look round, where millions want, what you have
had!

—The just are grateful—Be the grateful glad!

O! Yes! Ye fair, down fashion's stream who
swim,

Ye hoyden bouncers! and ye prudes so prim!
Shine as ye may, with artless charms content;
Seem—what ye are; and *be*—what Nature meant!

O! Yes! Ye pigeons, who on luck rely,
Chances of cards, decisions of a die,
Think ruin lurks beneath each frantic stake!

—Amidst life's lot of miseries, your's ye *make*!

O! Yes! Ye subjects in a land like ours,
Enlarge your sentiments; but unite your powers!

Freedom with virtue, zeal with sense ally'd,
No force can conquer—let no arts divide !

O ! Yes ! All ye, whoe'er ye are, that please
To take the Crier's word, on points like these,
Be sure, experience will reward impart ;
And Wisdom find it's echo—in your Heart.

THE DAY-FLY.

To guess what *actual* properties, feelings, pow'rs,
Fill animal life, where *life* but fills five hours,
Were toil, if not as impious, quite as vain,
As modern mad philosophers sustain ;
Who reason's light, with rash assumptions shade,
And hide their God—behind the works he made.

But why despair ?—Altho' th' Ephemeral Fly
So scanty scope for positive hints supply,
Tho' what it *is*, description scarce can say,
Still what it *seems*, may prompt the abundant lay.

It seems then, palpably, where'er 'tis trac'd,
An individual, among millions plac'd ;

A member in a free community free ;
Born to no rights, except the right to be ;
Yet in the space thro' which 'tis doom'd to go,
Still on the wing, and still alertly so ;
Unharm'd and harmless, in incessant play ;
By none impeded, and in no one's way !—
Say, politicians, where on earth beside,
Does independence, so complete, abide ?

The Day-Fly's brief existence we suppose,
With evening to commence, with night to close ;
Form'd as it is, no rough assault to bear,
No sun's excess, no turbulence of air ;
Proof of the Omnipotent Goodness, which assign'd
The calmest period to the weakest kind !
See this ! ye fools ! at nature's laws who rail,
And weigh out Deity, in presumption's scale !
See this ! and conscious of a truth so clear,
Say, is not moral fitness perfect here ?

Short as the Day-Fly's vital range may seem,
'Tis, while it lasts, enjoyment in th' extreme !

Life, without peril, pain, or care, sustain'd ;
Strength undiminish'd ; frolic unrestrain'd !
Could we, proud Men, from our own length of
years,

Expunge our wants, our sorrows, and our fears ;
Folly's disgustful, sloth's insipid, hour ;
All memory's bitter, all ill-humour's sour ;
Whoe'er the real residue should state,
Would find that residue, a mere Day-Fly's date.

Such is humanity's regular routine.—

If madness more eccentric fill the scene ;
If Guilt howe'er successful, gnaw the heart ;
If Conscience at her own suggestions start ;
If coward Jealousy's ever-restless eyes,
Anticipate torture, while they watch surmise ;
Who, but must choose, if wisdom's voice he
hear,

A Day-Fly's hour, before a villain's year ?

Wherein, you'll say, wherein, if this be true,
Does Man the pettiest animal outdo ?

Or rather, measuring life by pleasure's span,
Is not the pettiest animal more than Man ?
—No—trust me, No,—For him things future
wait—

There is the being, which decides *his* fate !
'Tis his, if due attention he employ,
To make the present, innocence—if not joy :
Sure for that innocence, deathless bliss to share !—
Fly of a day—but Immortality's Heir !

GRACEFUL ADDRESS.

WHEN first o'er EDEN's blissful shade
Mankind's forefather, guiltless, stray'd,
His eye sublime, his tranquil face,
His noble port, his lordly pace,
Tho' separate symmetry they disclos'd,
One total majesty compos'd;—
Where, true to joy's complacent tone,
His mind in every movement shone.

Such once was man!—with innocence blest!
Comeliest of beings—because best!
Till from th' Almighty Presence chas'd,
Exil'd, abash'd, dismay'd, debas'd,

He fell—beneath his deadliest foe ;
Victim of wrath ; and heir of woe !

From that sad period, forms constrain'd,
Contracted sentiments, feelings feign'd,
On mere capricious arts depend ;
Distorting, what they seek to mend.

Pride first, assum'd a statelier air,
It's step, a stride ;—it's look, a stare ;
It's smile, a favour ;—from it's hand
A signal, fate ;—it's nod, command.
While Grace transferr'd to grandeur's sphere,
Grew pompous, distant, stern, severe.

Next affectation's reign appear'd ;
On more extensive basis rear'd :
Savage and simple, great and small,
Her ample range included all.
The smirk, the tofs, the shrug, the stalk,
Part slide, part swim, part dance, part walk ;
The limp, the lisp, the pert, the prim ;
Fashions for laws, for axioms, whim ;

Each their successive changes rung ;—
While fair and homely, old and young,
Courtier and rustic, flirt and beau,
The high-bred, and of course, the low,
Caught some variety of grimace :
Conceit was ton ; and ton was Grace !

'Twere well, if Affectation's power
Were only seen, in Folly's hour :
But Fraud, alas ! too often tries
Fictitious Grace's sly disguise ;
So delicate, so well-inclin'd,
So plausible, so polite, so kind,
So soft, so smooth, so friendly too,
So good, so—every-thing—but true !

Methinks, you'll tell me, here I seem,
Entirely to reverse my theme ;
And paint instead of real Grace,
Mere Mimicry, that usurps it's place.
—I own the fact, but meant to draw
It's contrast, with the more eclat.—

Grace is not Fraud, Conceit, or Pride.—
What is it then?—Who shall decide?
Candour, perhaps, will not repine
T' accept th' attempt, from verse like mine.

Grace, whose address the wise applaud,
Disclaims all pride, conceit, or fraud.—
'Tis elegance, which pervades the whole,
When look, voice, attitude, speak the soul:—
'Tis that propriety, which reveals
In nature's mode, what nature feels:—
'Tis sense, estrang'd from cold neglect,
From coarse excess, from rude defect:—
'Tis that decorum, thro' whose ease,
Truth can at once convince, and please:—
'Tis eloquent rectitude of intent,
Which makes simplicity, ornament:—
'Tis frankness, whose more cheerful vein,
Nor prompts a blush, nor gives a pain:—
'Tis that civility, which affirms
Humanity's wish, in charity's terms:—

'Tis that attraction, which can throw
Sincerity's charms o'er virtue's glow :—
'Tis meek superiority, bright,
Without obscuring humbler light :—
'Tis sympathy, whose benignant phrase
Can comfort, where it cannot praise :—
'Tis dignity, fix'd on honour's post,
Which neither gives, nor heeds a boast :—
'Tis wisdom, zealous, tho' serene,
Gently impressivè, kindly keen :—
'Tis body, mind, deportment, style,
Free from embarrassment, as from guile :—
'Tis that, at least—in some degree,—
Which Man, first form'd, was form'd to be !

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

WHEN HORACE named the Natives of our Isle,
 Savage to strangers," was th' invidious style :
 Was VIRGIL's pleasure BRITAIN's sons to call,
 Men sever'd from the world"—and that was all.
 MARTIAL indeed a little farther goes,
 And grants our fires some genius could disclose ;
 At ROME, he tells us in right pompous tone,
 From " barbarous British baskets, form'd her own."

BRITANNOS hospitibus feros. HOR. Lib. iii. Od. 4. Lin. 33.

Et penitus toto divisos orbe BRITANNOS. VIRG. Ecl. i. Lin. 67.

Barbara de pictis veni bascauda BRITANNIS,

Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma suam.

MARTIAL. Lib. 14. Ep. 97.

This in old writ, and only this we learn ;
In vain of course to such records we turn :
In vain we seek for classical eclat ;—
ENGLAND'S own portrait, English facts must draw.

So be it then.—And if you can endure,
So bold an effort of an hand so poor,
Accept this humble sketch from my rude skill,
Whose faithful outline, truth at least shall fill.


Among the splendid boasts of national fame,
Stands with proud eminence martial glory's claim ;
And ENGLAND'S foes in many a conflict crost,
Have tried her native valour to their cost ;
Have felt how sure, yet how humanely slow,
Her vengeance,—how decisive is her blow ;
Vigorous to enforce the sword, she loves to sheath ;
And twining victory's palm, with mercy's wreath !

Provoke an Englishman ! how warm he glows !
—No longer fierce, when you no more oppose :—
Frank to announce th' emotions of his mind !
Stern to the stubborn ! to the suppliant kind !

petuous to insist on right and fit !
n to urge proofs, ingenuous to admit !
h still an arm, encroachment to withstand !
h still an heart, for every friendly hand !
'refs'd by misfortune's tempests, gathering round,
English sufferer's patience stands its ground :
h fresh attack, some strong resolve renews :
ault may crush it, but no force subdues.
Whatever boon an Englishman bestows,
om mere good-will, the prompt beneficence flows :
e from all grudge, unwarpt by all controul,
welcome—speaks the welcome of the soul !
Too oft, alas ! in this our clime is seen,
' Hypochondriac, brooding o'er his spleen ;
: ev'n that spleen can sympathy's call abide ;
It to himself,—he feels for all beside :—
ow him some harder task, some manlier aim,
ne feasible benefit, some sublimer claim,
: powers fresh impulse from despair will take,
d all the Englishman within—awake.

Some call us contradictions ; fire and phlegm ;
Eager to gain, what gain'd we soon condemn :
If weakness here, sarcastic censure finds,
'Tis sure, the weakness of the noblest minds ;
And only proves us to impartial eyes,
More anxious for the cause, than for the prize.

Satirists, sometimes, in English manners, sneer
Addresses too blunt, and sentiments too severe ;
The sanguine fervor, rapid feelings vouch,
Which scorning to deceive, disdains to crouch.
—We own the charge :—we are indeed a race,
Rough of approach, and awkward at grimace ;
But trial (if you try us) will declare,
What obvious, kindred virtues centre there ;—
Exalted sense of honour ! all the pride
Of conscious truth, to liberal thought ally'd !
Sincerity's purpose ! honest candour's trust !
Whate'er inspires, becomes, or binds the just !
So stands amidst the waves, our country's shore,
And frowns contempt on Ocean's angry roar.



ont abrupt, her rocky cliffs present ;
f for rude resistance only meant ;
all within th' encircling steep barrier,
ariant vales, and oak-crown'd hills appear ;
il, where plenty's best varieties reign,
ngdom, worthy real freedom's train :—
le Nature seems to adopt the favourite coast,
Land her garden, and the Men her boast.

THE ENGLISH SAILOR.

WHAT cheer? what cheer? Sirs! fore and aft!
Aloft! i' th' gangways! and abaft!
For this your care to overhaul
Our trim,—we thank you, one and all.

The fortunes of an English Tar
Various, as hap and hazard are;
Yet no varieties ever damp
His spirits, or his humour cramp:
Whatever was his former lot,
Put him on board, 'tis all forgot:
He there displays, in every part,
A thoughtless, guileless, dauntless, heart:

He's there all hero !—But, avast !

Methinks I shoot ahead too fast.

In fight, stick ever by the stuff !—

But among friends, steer clear of puff !

“ Put him on board,” I said—why true ;—

For that's his proper point of view.

Suppose yourselves then in a Ship,

And me your captain for this trip ;—

A Ship well-mann'd, well-rigg'd, well-found ;—

Her bottom clean ; her timbers sound !—

Tight, tough tarpaulins, all her crew !

—Mayhap, you 'd like to see a few.—

Suppose yourselves, this moment hearing

My orders for the gang's appearing ;—

—“ *Below there !—Jackets ! trowsers ! checks !*

—“ *Turn out, all hands ! and man the decks !*”

So please you, let us take the group,

Rang'd as they stand, from prow to poop.

The boatswain first.—He, you must know,

Had once a vixen wife in tow :

But death, with a fide-wind, d' ye see,
Drove her adrift ; and fet him free.
She left, however, an embargo
Of debts, fo heavy on his cargo,
It made him from his moorings steer,
To weather storms, lefs boifterous, here.

Alongside him, the mate you 'll mark ;
A merchant's maccaroni clerk :
Crank, gunnel to, before the gale
He sped ; and crowded all his fail ;
'Till at an un-paid taylor's call,
The lawyers conjur'd up a squall :
—Had then thofe sharks, the bailiffs, met him,
Keel-upwards they had furely fet him :
But fate procur'd him, in the fufs,
Safe fea-room, and a birth with us.
A look, pray, for a moment caft
On yon long lubber, next the maft !
He conn'd your learned lingo pat,—
Your Hebrew-latin,—and all that :

But when, unskill'd to stem the tide,
The hurricane of life he try'd,
And beat up, right in the wind's eye,
(No log-book of experience nigh,)
He lost his helm, his main-sail tore,
And run his vessel bump ashore ;
Then hove out signals of distress,
Glad to make one in any mess.

Steady !—I 'm veering out, I find,
More knots an hour than I design'd :
Wherefore, 'tis time to fall aback ;
And haul up on a closer tack :—
While all the residue, first and last,
However station'd, mess'd, or class'd,
The busy, buzzing, bustling crowds,
Of midship, fore-castle, and shrouds,
Who cables coil, who tacklings sling,
Who reef, who splice, who climb, who swing ;
All who command, and eke who swab in
Hold, gallery, quarter-deck, or cabin,

Starboard and larboard, more or less,
In one round-robin I compress ;
Each frank and free, by each to stand ;
Each prompt, with each to bear a hand ;
Each prone, staunch prowess to exert,
Stem, stays, and stern, alive, alert ;
Each patient, watch and ward to take ;
Each faithful, one reserve to make :—
“ Reserve ? ”—you ’ll say !—“ pray what reserve ? ”
—Ev’n that,—from which they never swerve :—
For tho’ they scorn to hoard and heap,
The votive grog they sacred keep,
To toast, when every week’s-work ends,
King, Country, Sweethearts, Families, Friends !
While thus their generous maxims run,
To *give* to ALL—but *yield* to NONE !
Defended by such Sons, as these,
No wonder BRITAIN awes the Seas :—
Danger, that makes the milk-sop droop,
But sets their courage cock-a-hoop ;

Sinews their arms ; expands their breasts :—

Then ! for “ *Up hammocks and down chests !*”

Then ! for the Naval Empire’s claim !

Then ! for old ENGLAND’s Flag, and Fame !

Then ! when her angry Thunders burst,

Perhaps—*another* JUNE THE FIRST !

MINOR POETRY.

MUCH of PARNASSUS, and it's heights sublime,
We read in antient writ, and modern rhyme :—
Heights, which, tho' millions in th' attempt engage,
Scarce one can reach ; and hardly once an age.

Tho' all in eager multitudes contend,
Rivals for summits, which so few ascend,
Full many a station of the sacred spot,
Might amply fit less proud ambition's lot :
For numerous tracts of varied landscape fill
Th' adjacent vales, and slope along the hill.

Of these —'tis all my little skill can do—
Permit me now to sketch a bird's-eye view ;

Nor scorn (howe'er inadequate the scrap)

A school-geographer's poetic map.

In smooth extent, which rural beauties grace,
A spacious level skirts the mountain's base :
There might retire, there chaunt, the pastoral swains,
The COLINS, and the DAMONS of the plains ?
There in soft minstrelfy's eternal round,
Wed words to words, wherever found meets found ;
Till each responsive spray, the meads among,
Quivers in cadence, blossoms into song.

Full to the sight, in distant prospect, towers
A grove of myrtles, twining into bowers.
There love-sick spirits manufacture sighs,
Embalm in metre, dimples, lips, and eyes :
Vows, flatteries, perjuries, Echo's haunts invade ;
Hopes, fears, and jealousies breathe from every shade.
Benymphs coy, kind, true, false, fair, brown, short, tall,
Some passionate madrigal be-rhymes them all.

Where tangling briars, in form of fence, between
Two carpet lawns, diversify the scene,

The rough, rude tribe of fatirifts might refide ;
Cynics, who fnarl, and fcorners, who deride.
Avoid their gripe, ye virtuous, and ye fage !
Too oft for intereft, or for spleen, they rage.
'Twere well, did vice alone feel their attack !
Or truth referve their thorns for folly's back !

Where from the turf, a gradual eminence fwells,
The whifling breeze a windmill's fails impels ;
There, as in hives, might swarm the fons of whim ;
The crotchet-mongers of fantaftic trim ;
Who retail fancy's frolics, oddity's hits,—
Maggots of genius ! real nutfhell wits !
Wags, who in mafques grotesque fhake humour's chin ;
Pun in conundrums,—or in epigrams grin !

A little farther on, from forth a cave,
Burfts an abrupt cascade's fonorous wave ;
Whofe dafhing fragments might announce th' abode,
Where lofty language labours—big with ode ;
Spurns vulgar comprehension's hackney'd ways ;
Soars paft the confines of pedestrian phrafe ;

Above connection, method, or design,

In muse-mad rant, eccentrically fine !

Not far from this ascent a forest lies ;

Whose broad old oaks in mossy grandeur rise :—

There dwell the bards, who social aims avow,

And deck with civic wreaths the patriot brow :

Whose popular strains at once record, and raise,

The sailor's spirit, and the soldier's praise :

While conscious, " BRITONS never will be slaves,"

Zeal shouts from voice to voice, " BRITANNIA rule the

" waves."

More upland skill, and thro' an avenue seen,

Stands a fair clump of laurels, ever green ;

Where rove the guardian bards of each bright name,

Which verse and virtue consecrate to fame ;

Names of such men, as Heaven's best signature

wore ;

Whose least distinction was the rank they bore ;

Names, which improv'd humanity loves to hear ;

Names, to integrity honourably dear ;—

Names, which by every test of merit known,
Truth may transcribe, ev'n now, from BRITAIN'S
THRONE !

While thus, for others, separate seats I trace,
Perhaps you'll ask me, where myself I'd place ;
—What place becomes me, you must judge, not I ;
—What place I'd wish for, I'll confess,—and why :
I'd mount, where poetry's first enthusiasts stood ;
High as old HOMER :—higher, if I could !—
There boast how good a work, with what good will,
Your ancestors did *here* ;—and You do still :—
Then every Muse to choral symphony woo,
In numbers worthy THEM, and worthy You.

EPIGRAMS.

VOL. I.

N



EPIGRAM.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

AN elbow, we 're in proverbs told,
More sharp than usual marks a scold,
Of everlasting ungs :
Perhaps you 'll be perplex'd to guess
What correspondence, more or less,
Elbows can have with tongues !

To solve the doubt, from popular lore
Permit me, with one proverb more,
Your memories to refresh :
'Tis Fate's decree, you must have known,
That whatsoever's bred in the *bone*—
Should never out of the *flesh* !

ANOTHER

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

Would you th' extremes of human contrast fix?
Observe **DUTCH** traffic—and **DUTCH** politics.
Nothing's too much to suffer, or to do,
Provided still, it makes one silver two :
By land, by sea, for friends, for foes they trade ;—
Then—cut each other's throat for a cockade :
Trust in **FRENCH** faith for independent sway ;
Buy all ;—sell all ;—and *give* **THEMSELVES** *away* !

ANOTHER.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

THE **CHINESE** have a word, which, howe'er it seems
strange,
Stands for fourteen ideas, without the least change :
It consists of one syllable too, you must know ;
And in that but two letters ; to wit, **P—O.**—**PO** !

agine, for instance, you wish'd to express,
 A wife ¹man—"A man of a ²pleasing address"—
 A ³glafs—"An immense ⁴preparation"—"The
 " blows

Of a wood-⁵cutter's hatchet"—"An ⁶old woman's
 " nose"—

A strong ⁷inclination"—"A thing ⁸of small size"—
 The course ⁹of a current, where water-springs
 " rise"—

A ¹⁰servant"—"A captive ¹¹in battle"—"A
 " ¹²fop"—

Or to ¹³boil your ripe rice"—"or to ¹⁴winnow your
 " crop"—

r all, and for each, if to CHINA you go,
 u can't speak amiss, if you only say—*Po!*
 here else could we find, shou'd we search the world
 round,

ings so different in sense, and so similar in sound?
 : may thumb all our grammars to rage, ere we view
 much in one word—and in *such a word too!*


ANOTHER.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

WITH much pretence, but little love the while,
Fashion oft feign'd to join Economy's party :
Tho' all could see, that, in the Horatian style,
'Twas "*Gratia amicitia male farte.*"

But better hopes last winter's omens grac'd :
When Fashion, left expence should cut too deep,
Snipt each great coat afunder at the waist ;
And gave Economy the skirts to keep :

And now on solid ground their union stands :
Should Fashion's pride next Christmas call for new
coats,
Economy from the remnants in her hands,
Has stuff of course, to make the same coat—two
coats !



*ANOTHER.**ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.*

PROUD as a peer, poor as a bard,
A foot-fore SPANIARD late one night,
Knock'd at a tavern door so hard,
It rous'd the family in a fright :—

Up sprung the host from his bed-side ;
Open the chamber-window flew :
“ Who's there?—What boisterous hand,” he
cry'd,
“ Makes at my gate this loud ado ?”

“ Here is,” the stately SPANIARD said,
“ DON LOPEZ, RODRIGUEZ, ALONZO,
“ PEDRILLO, GUZMAN, ALVARADE,
“ IAGO, MIGUEL, ALPHONSO,

" ANTONIO, DIEGO"—" Hold ! hold ! hold !"
Exclaim'd the Landlord, pray ! forbear !
" For half the numbers you have told,
" I have not—half a bed to spare."

" Sir !" quoth the Don, "'tis your mistake,
" If names for men, of course, you count :
" Tho' long th' illustrious list, I make,
" In me still centres all th' amount :

" Worn down with tramping many a mile,
" DON LOPEZ, RODRIGUEZ, PEDRILLO,
" With all the *etceteras* of his style,
" Will sleep—upon a *single pillow* !"

ANOTHER.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

A SINGLE acorn's cup, experiment shows,
The future oak's whole embrio can enclose :—

Immense idea!—That a form so small,
 On earth's prolific lap, if right it fall,
 Shall burst—shall vegetate—shall protrude a root;
 Rise a strong trunk, from particles so minute;
 O'er-top the forest; brave the tempest's rage;
 Flourish;—expand, while age succeeds to age;
 And haply, when to perfect timber grown,
 Waft to new worlds the produce of our own!

While on this thought imagination dwells,
 Reverse the scene; and hear what nature tells;
 —That this enormous bulk, is but th' extent
 Of parts, at first within an acorn pent;—
 An acorn! which, should truth the fact reveal,
 Was once—the *refuse* of a *poor pig's meal*!

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

"TRUE-BLUE," 'tis said, "*will never stain*;"—
 An everlasting die in grain,

Which none enough can prize :
Agreed !—But while experience finds
So many men, so many minds,
One constant doubt must rise :

Since each adapts to his own view,
His own idea of True-blue,
The question shifts its ground :
The doubt is not, as I opine,
How bright, how long, True-blue may shine,—
But—*where it may be found !*

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

PAINTERS, by custom immemorial take
For Envy's hieroglyphic form, the snake ;
While for Eternity's type, each pencil draws
A serpent in a ring ; whose tail is in his jaws.

The two ideas just, apart, we find,
But how much juster would they be, when
join'd?

Let Envy's snake, for instance, fiercely fell,
With everlasting rancour's poison swell;
Provided, in eternity's serpent-style,
It feeds on nothing but *itself*, the while!

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

Go to the bee!—and thence bring home,
(Worth all the treasures of her comb,)

An antidote against rash strife:
She, when her angry flight she wings,
But *once*, and at her peril *stings*;
But *gathers honey—all her life*!

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WHEN a pamphlet comes out, in the plain pamphlet
style,

Your two shillings you pay, if you think it worth
while :—

But if once, by mere fashion, or merit, or chance,
Into notice the book, or it's author, advance,
To work on all sides, goes the press and the pen ;
With answers, and answers to answers again ;
With strictures, and queries, and notes, and reflections,
Appendixes, sequels, free thoughts, hints, objections ;
And of course, if to judge of the whole you intend,
You must buy without bounds ;—and must read with-
out end.

So in BANTAM, our travellers tell us, a sheep
In body and bone, due proportion will keep :

hile a wheel-barrow's compass will hardly avail,
o support the length, breadth, depth, and weight of
it's *tail*!

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WHERE gently wandering rills furround
A defoliated pile,
And glide ev'n now, the confluent bound
Of GLASTONBURY'S isle,—

To memory lost, by chance descry'd,
The reverend reliques lay
Of ARTHUR, Glory's favorite pride,
In BRITAIN'S earlier day.

No fabulous elves, in fairy knot,
To announce his grave were seen ;
Nature's own hand had mark'd the spot,
In winter's gloom still green.

And where a cross from head to feet,
O'erspread the Hero's earth,
A Christmas Thorn springs up, to greet
Our infant Saviour's birth !

O ! may the sweet memorial *live*,—
Spontaneous proof to raise,
That Truth can annual evidence give
To patriot royalty's praise !—

And while Religion, Freedom, Laws,
Are BRITAIN'S happy doom,—
Flourish—to sanction their applause,
Around her ARTHUR'S Tomb !

ANOTHER.

is of the Author's latest compositions, which he considered
as descriptive of his *own situation* in the School.]

ESTO PERPETUA.

ENIUS, too oft, beneath adversity's frown,
judges, laborious ; vigorous ; yet kept down :
ever advanc'd, tho' never at a stay ;
eps on ; | perhaps shines on ; but makes no way !
So fares the mettled steed, in harness bound,
drag some ponderous engine round and round !
s toil is generous effort ;—but 'tis still,
ength, Perseverance, Progress !—*in a Mill !*

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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